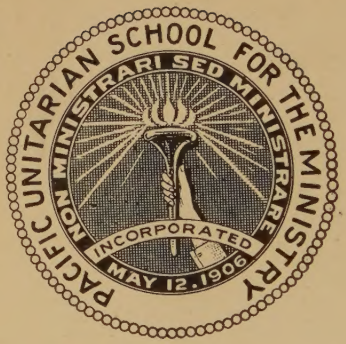
LEAVES OF HEALING



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

LEAVES OF HEALING.

LEAVES OF HEALING.

GATHERED BY

KATHARINE PAINE SUTTON.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life which is in the Paradise of God.

And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

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TO

The Helpers and Healers

FROM WHOM THESE LEAVES HAVE BEEN GATHERED,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED;

AND TO

The Sorrowing, to the Weary and Heavy-laden,

WITH THE EARNEST HOPE THAT THEY MAY FIND HEREIN
NEW INSPIRATION, STRENGTH, AND PEACE.

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BROOKLYN, CONN., March, 1892.

LIFE'S VICTORIES.

LEAVES OF HEALING.

LIFE'S VICTORIES.

THANKS be to God who giveth us the victory! — 1 COR. xv. 57.

HE hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us; on the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live before him. — HOSEA vi. 1, 2.

WHAT shall we call the real things, by and by, when the vision shall have had divine anointing, — when we shall name things right? — our little victories, our successes, our joys which were hardly large enough to be consecrated; the lessons from which at first we shrank and called them sorrows, or even calamities, but which carried us along toward larger fellowship and quicker contact with *the things that abide?* I know not; but this I know, that deepening

experience greatly reverses some of the decisions which we made earlier on the way. And so I love to think we shall one day be able to spell out some grand words with the letters we are learning with such painful labor now!

STEPHEN H. CAMP.

THE teachers in God's great school are many. Joy and sorrow, love and loss, daily work, household tenderness, health, sickness, strength, helplessness, — one by one they come, solemn figures, some with radiant faces, some veiled and shrouded. Each speaks its word of command: "Be glad," "Be patient," "Be faithful," "Strive," "Lie still and wait." Often we break in upon the lesson with an importunate demand, "Show me the end!" But each teacher, grave and tender, says only, "Do this that I bid thee." The full answer may be a long time in coming. And yet, all the time, God is so near! For the present want we may always find Him sufficient. . . . Go forth to work, to serve, to love! This little life passes quickly away. Its shadows and sorrows are for a moment; its virtues, its victory, its peace, are of the eternal.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

THE human soul is purified and exalted by trial and grief. Life itself has a new charm for him who has trodden its depths as well as its heights. The keenness of our suffering increases the intensity of our joy. Yes, there is a meaning in tears, a discipline in darkness, and our griefs are our glory. Therefore, when your dearest hopes are disappointed, when your faith in man is tried by bitterest ingratitude, or you are cast upon the bed of sickness, oh, do not despair! for these are the divine processes by which your nobler self is developed, by which the crude bullion of your nature, purified in the flames of tribulation, is freshly minted with the image and superscription of a perfect manhood.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

AS I recall the personal history of those I know, I see how universal is disappointment. But it has not made you more melancholy and less manly men; life is not thereby the less a blessing and the more a load. With no sorrows you would be more sorrowful. For all the sorrows that man has faithfully contended with he shall sail into port deeper fraught with manliness. The wife and mother at thirty years of age imprisoned

in her chair, her hands all impotent to wipe a tear away, does not suffer for nothing. She has thereby been taught to taste the fruits of sweeter communion with God. These disappointments are rounds in the ladder whereby we climb to heaven. Sorrow takes you on her wings and bears you up higher than before, to a new communion with your Father, that you may receive great inspiration from him.

THEODORE PARKER.

GOD'S angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer: this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'TIS sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE DARK ANGEL.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

WHAT difference did it make to Christ, whether in the wilderness he did fierce battle with temptation; or sat on the green slope to teach the people and send them home as if God had dropped upon their hearts amid the shades of evening; whether he stood over the corpse, and looking on the dark eyes, said, "Let there be light," and the curtain of the shadow of death drew up; or saw the angel of duty approach him-

self in the dress of the grave, and on the mournful "Come away," tendered his hand and was meekly led; whether his walk was over strewn flowers, or beneath the cross too heavy to be borne, amid the cries of "Hosanna," or the murderous shout? The difference was all of pain; none was there of conscience, of trust, of power, of love. Let there be a conscious affiliation with God; and as he pervadeth all things, a unity is imparted to life, and a stability to the mind, which put character and will above the reach of circumstance; a current of pure and strong affections, fed by the fount of bliss, pours from hidden and sunlit heights, and winds through the open plains and dark ravines of life, till its murmurs fall into the everlasting deep. JAMES MARTINEAU.

SPIKENARD.

WHAT was the box of spikenard, Lord,
Which Mary brought, and at thy feet
Broke, and the ointment on thee poured,
The while thou sat'st with them at meat?

The house with the sweet smell was filled,
And all the chambers of the years
Are fragrant with those odors spilled,
And tender with that dew of tears.

O Lord, do I not likewise bring
Before thee, as I lowly kneel,
My costly grief, — that hidden thing, —
And for thee only break the seal?

Thou seest, human as thou art,
Yet glorified in God again,
The broken box, — a human heart;
The precious oil, — its chrism of pain!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

IF you say, "I am hedged about, I can do nothing; I fain would help but I cannot," — your very longing is a help. "They also serve who only stand and wait." It is never true that we are not helpers; where the fervent heart is, there is the servant of God, and unto him comes ever with the work the reward. He is still and strong in God, because he is a co-worker with God, and his life holds for itself a secret which is not known to another, — he has come in his very work to the rest that remaineth. ROBERT COLLYER.

GOD has placed no being in a barren soil; no one where he may not find the elements of immortal life; none where through perfect fidelity to its condition, its roots may not reach out to

embrace the earth, and spread out branches and leaves to heal and overshadow it. Thus Charlotte Bronte's life was like an acorn dropped in the cleft of a rock — a condition as hard as infelicity could make it. For a time its lateral growth was choked by its grim surroundings; but at last its roots struck down so deep that they underran the rock, and then reached outward to enrich themselves from the treasures of the whole earth. And thus it may be with every life, if it is perfectly faithful and true to the condition in which it is placed. It may grow outward into the possession of all that remains for the children of God.

NAHOR AUGUSTUS STAPLES.

WE seek to be delivered from pain and sorrow, and God designs to deliver us. Vainly we seek, but he accomplishes. Our end is not mistaken, but we mistake the means. We seek deliverance by taking away; he gives deliverance by adding: —

"'T is life of which our nerves are scant,
More life, and fuller, that we want."

JAMES HINTON.

IT is a wonderful story. Job and his friends speculate all about the mystery, and their conclusions from their premises are entirely correct; but

they have forgotten to take in the separate sovereign will of God, as working with a great purpose in the man's life, by which he is to be lifted into a grander reach of insight and experience than ever he had before. Job said, "I suffer; I am in darkness and disappointment and pain, because it is fate." Job's friends said, "No, you suffer because you have sinned." They were both wrong and all wrong. He suffered because that was the divine way of bringing him out of his self-satisfied content; and when, through suffering, that was done, he said, "I have heard of thee with mine ears, but now mine eye seeth thee." There is a bird, it is said, that will never learn the song his master will have him sing, while his cage is full of light. He listens and learns a snatch of this, a trill of that, a polyglot of all the songs in the grove, but never a separate and entire melody of his own. But the master covers his cage, — makes the way all dark about him; then he will listen to the one song he has to sing; and try and try and try again, until at last his heart is full of it. Then, when he has caught the melody, the cage is uncovered. When there is light on the song there is no need for darkness on the way.

Friends, if I had never gone into darkened rooms, where the soul stands at the parting of the

worlds; or sat down beside widows and little children, when the desire of their eyes was taken away with a stroke; or grasped the hands of strong men when all they had toiled for was gone, — nothing left but honor; or ministered to men mangled on the battle-field beyond all telling; and heard in *all* these places where darkness was on the way, melodies, *melodies* that I never heard among the commonplaces of prosperity, — I could not be so sure as I am that God often darkens the way that the melody may grow clear and entire in the soul.

Then, if this man could have known, — as he sat there in the ashes, bruising his heart on this problem of Providence, — that in the trouble that had come upon him he was doing what one man may do to work out the problem for the world, he might again have taken courage. No man lives to himself. Job's life is but your life and mine written in larger text. What we all are doing as we stand in our lot, steady to our manliness or our womanliness in our black days, is to tell in its measure on the life and faith of every good man coming after us, though our name may be forgotten. . . . So then, though we may not know what trials wait on any of us, we can believe that, as the days in which Job wrestled with his dark maladies

are the only days that make him worth remembrance, and but for which his name had never been written in the book of life, so the days through which we struggle, finding no way, but never losing the light, will be the most significant we are called to live. ROBERT COLLYER.

THE compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

DID not Jesus know, and might he not speak of the way to the Father? Surely if *we* still take offence at God for his yoke or for his refusals,

for burdens or for disappointments, it is only because we separate ourselves from the life of the Son of Man, who knew them all and found no offence in them. Might, think we, a Son of God have taken offence at the Father for treatment so little to be expected, — a lowly and suffering place, personal humiliations and contempt, wounded hopes, fruitless labors, agonies of lonely apprehension, the desertion of followers, public rejection and mock homage, jeers, insults, and a death of shame? If he took none, who can be justified in taking any? We do not mean that in his life were all circumstantial experiences in which each may find his own, but that his life was the perfect way of life, that he knew every class of spiritual difficulty, every kind of natural cloud floating between God and man; by meeting and dissolving which he earned a Deliverer's right to say to all Humanity, in the name of a representative Child of the Heavenly Father: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

SEEING that many glory after the flesh, I will glory also. And if I needs must glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities. Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I know how to be abased and I know also how to abound: in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me. For he hath said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weaknesses that the strength of Christ may rest upon me. Wherefore I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong. And not only so, but let us also rejoice in our tribulations: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience probation; and probation hope; and hope putteth not to shame; because the love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit which was given unto us.

PAUL.

II Cor. 11.

INSTEAD of regarding afflictions as judgments and tokens of God's displeasure, Paul, in the light of Christianity, deems them as means of greater attainments in the true life of the soul. He proceeds to point out the sequence of Christian experiences, and to rejoice in trials instead of being cast down by them. The order is, trial, patience, proof, hope. Trials properly borne cultivate patience; patience affords us proof of what we really are, — Robinson translates the word rendered probation by proof, approval, tried integrity, — and this proof becomes the basis of our reasonable hopes for the time to come, such as will not fail or disappoint us; for the exercise of these affections and virtues is re-enforced by a higher power, by communications from the love and holy spirit of God himself. Such are the glorious golden links of the chain which draw up the soul heavenward, — trial, patience, proof, hope, possession; but they are all melted and welded in the love of God to us, and are made pure by his spirit.

ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE.

BEHIND AND BEFORE.

"ONE thing I do; the things behind forgetting,
And reaching forward to the things before,
Unto the goal, the prize of God's high calling,
Onward I press," — said that great soul of yore.

And in the heart like strains of martial music,
Echo the words of courage, trust, and cheer,
The while we stand, half hoping, half regretting,
Between the coming and the parting year.

Behind are joys, fair hopes that found fulfilment,
Sweet human fellowships, and many a gain;
Unanswered prayers, burdens of loss and sorrow,
Faces that look no more in ours again.

Before are opportunity and promise,
Fairer fulfilments than the past could know;
New growths of soul, new leadings of the Spirit,
And all the glad surprises God will show.

All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,
All we have been, or bravely striven to be,
Counts for our gain, within us still surviving,
As power and larger possibility.

All, all shall count; the mingled joy and sorrow
To force of finer being rise at last;
From the crude ores in trial's furnace smelted
The image of the perfect life is cast.

"Onward I press, the things behind forgetting
And reaching forward to the things before:"
Ring the brave words like strains of martial music,
As we pass through the New Year's open door.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

BUT count the gains
Which far the seeming loss outweigh;
Friendships built firm 'gainst flood and wind
On rock-foundations of the mind;
Knowledge, instead of scheming hope;
For wild adventure, settled scope;
Talents from surface-ore profuse,
Tempered and edged to tools for use;
Judgment, for passion's headlong whirls;
Old sorrows crystalled into pearls;
Losses by patience turned to gains,
Possessions now, that once were pains;
Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,
To ripen seeds of faith and trust.
I have not spilt one drop of joy
Poured in the senses of the boy,
Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
With all her golden inwardness;
And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade
By which their downy dream is stirred,
Taking it for the mother-bird,
So when God's shadow, which is light,
Unheralded, by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest unconscious things
Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

IF you ask me for an assurance that those vast powers, those sublime realities, which we name God, make personal account of *you*, so that your own safety is somehow cared for and not lost as a disregarded atom among mightier things, again I say, no man can prove it for you, but you may slowly and surely come to it for yourself. As you set yourself in earnest to the business of right living, you will more and more feel what a sublime thing life is, how divine is the universe in which you are a part; and with that sense of the blessedness of life there comes to every true soul a most humble, grateful sense of something *given*. "Not of myself, it is the gift of God!" is its instinctive, deepest word about whatever highest achievement or sweetest enjoyment comes to it.

Train yourself to find the good in what seems evil, to make of disaster an opportunity for your courage, to master suffering by patience, to learn from sorrow, sympathy. So will there grow upon you an assurance that through all forms of what seems evil there is working a higher good. . . . Here too the word of Jesus stands always true, — "He that loseth his life shall find it."

And finally, be patient. Upon the loyal soul there dawn from time to time more glorious morn-

ings than it ever saw before. You may come to learn that life contains no more wonderful and blessed thing than God's surprises. A man struggles bravely and unsuccessfully with an evil habit and suddenly a change of circumstances lifts him out of its reach. A life of faithful service is lonely and hungry for human love, and some day a great and sacred friendship comes to it. A soul walks for years the patient path of duty, vainly longing for a sense of the living God, and in some unexpectant hour the Divine Presence shines full upon it.

Nor is it alone by sudden surprises that we come to know how "God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame." To steady fidelity come steady growth and enlarging vision, as surely as the harvest follows the sowing. There are better things in store for you than you know. In the calendar of your future there are days marked for angelic visits. The angels may come disguised, but come they surely will. Yours be it to have for them an open door, and a house where amid firmly knit habits and pure affections they shall find a home.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

SOME times there be, when thoughts of unseen things
Press in upon me, and all earthly thoughts
Do hide themselves, and I am lifted up
Above the cares and labors of this world,
Into that realm where all things are attuned
And set to one grand harmony divine.
And there, while listening to its flow, I gain
New strength, and feel new courage for the work
That lies before me, and begin anew
Life's common duties, — no longer common,
But part of that grand anthem, which when heard
Aright and heard complete, such music gives
As ne'er before to mortal ear was given.

EVERETT O. WOOD.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

I HELD it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp of divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BATTLE OF GOD.

SO strive, so rule, Almighty Lord of all!
So greatly win the planet-victory!
So gloriously what baffles bring in thrall!
So strongly work, Earth's final jubilee
With gladness and with singing to install!

And man may work with the great God: yea, ours
This privilege, — all others how beyond!
To tend the great Man-root until it flowers;
To scorn with godly laughter when Despond
Tamely before a hoary hindrance cowers;

Effectually the planet to subdue,
And break old savagehood in claw and tusk;
That noble end to trust in and pursue
Which under Nature's half-expressive husk
Lies ever from the base conceal'd from view;

To draw our fellows up, as with a cord
Of love, unto their high-appointed place,
Till, from our state barbaric and abhorr'd,
We do arise unto a royal race;
To be the blest companions of the Lord.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

CHRIST.

IN Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God;
From his pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like his.

Holding his hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death his smile falls sweet —
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where he leadeth me.

LUCY LARCOM.

JESUS laid his hands upon a multitude of things, — upon the sick, the afflicted, the hungry, the dying; upon little children, upon the bread he broke in the wilderness; upon sorrow and upon pain; and lastly, he laid them upon

the cross; and wherever he laid his hands he left a sweetness and a fragrance which wisdom can perceive, and wisdom alone can know.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

WE can hardly learn tenderness and humility enough except by suffering.

GEORGE ELIOT.

HUMAN character is never found "to enter into its glory," except through the ordeal of affliction.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THERE is in man a higher than happiness; he can do without happiness, and find in stead thereof — Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and suffered, — bearing testimony, through life and death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

HE who planted the germs of Pity in the human heart must have meant to leave the root of Sorrow in human life.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

IT is our Maker's care that plants alike thorns and flowers in our path. To reject his flowers would be none the less unfilial than to repine at his thorns.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

I HAVE been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I could not have my own will. Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.

GEORGE ELIOT.

YOU are wrong in thinking of peace as something which is to come only in a future life. There is no reason for expecting it hereafter but its having begun now. Every true surrender of selfish principles to God and the inward monitor is the beginning of heaven and heaven's peace. The best proof of a heaven to come is its dawning in us now. We are blinded by common errors to the degree of celestial good which is to be found on earth. I do not tell you to labor for it; for a selfish impatience may remove it from us. I would say, accept your inward and outward trials

as appointed by the Friend of your soul for its progress and perfection, and use them for this end, not doubtingly or impetuously, but confidingly; and just as fast as the power of Christian virtue grows within you, peace and heaven will come, unless, for some greater good, present happiness be obstructed by physical causes. Be of good cheer. Be not weary in well doing. Be not anxious.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THERE is the peace of surrendered as well as of fulfilled hopes; the peace not of satisfied but of extinguished longings; the peace not of the happy love and the secure fireside, but of unmurmuring and accepted loneliness; the peace not of the heart which lives in joyful serenity afar from trouble and from strife, but of the heart where conflicts are over and where hopes are buried; not the peace which brooded over Eden, but that which crowned Gethsemane.

WILLIAM R. GREG.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

LIFE is a short day's climbing; mists and rain envelop us; often we toil up expecting small returns, doubting at times the existence of mountain ranges. Then suddenly we are overtaken with a glad surprise. A halt, an unexpected turn, and a revelation breaks upon us, and then our years stand around draped in white, capped with Alpine splendors, and the whiteness of their peaks is not miracle or dogma, not creed, sect, or text, not the hope of heaven or the fear of hell, but the celestial commonplaces of earthly duties and human privileges, — a mother's love, a father's manly care, the love of home and children, the heart ties, soft as silk but strong as iron, that either bind us to God, or mangle and cripple us, as we heed or

defy them. These bring us the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and garrison our hearts and our thoughts in the ideal, the Christ Jesus of the soul.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

THE actual relief of misery is an inferior boon to that revelation of "the law of the spirit of life" which it begins to make discernible. "It would almost seem as if the withdrawal of all hope tended, in the beneficent ways of Providence, to quiet afflicted nature, and to bring about a composure and calm of the soul, which is proof against many keen temptations." In many of those who receive it so it is, no doubt, the reflex of a very positive belief in an everlasting life of conscious and increasing joy, to which they may enter only through the gateway of pain; but in many others it seems to be the simple natural effect of that discipline of "strength and purification" which is the profounder meaning of pain, so that they are already, without knowing it, entered into the eternal life, — nay, as in some cases known to us, have felt a certain exaltation of spirit in the conscious sense that they have been thus singled out by the Lord of Life, as those worthy,

like their Master, to be made "perfect through suffering."

JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN.

THEY went down together to the door,
Which when the curate opened, lo! without
The beggar sat; and he saluted him:
When lo! the dazzled curate staggered back,
For dread effulgence from the beggar's eyes
Smote him, and from the crippled limbs shot forth
Terrible lights, as pure long blades of fire.
And, when the beggar looked on him,
He said, "If I offend not, pray you tell
Who and what are you: — I behold a face
Marred with old age, sickness and poverty, —
A cripple with a staff, who long hath sat
Begging, and ofttimes moaning, in the porch,
For pain and for the wind's inclemency: —
What are you?" Then the beggar made reply,
. . . "My dwelling place
Was far remote in heaven;
There I did wait; and oft, at work, I sang,
'To minister! oh, joy, to minister!'
And, it being known, a message came to me:
'Whether is best, . . .
To minister to others, or that they
Should minister to thee?' Then on my face,
Low lying, I made answer: 'It is best,
Most High, to minister;' and thus came back
The answer: 'Choose not for thyself the best;

Go down, and, lo! my poor shall minister,
Out of their poverty, to thee; shall learn
Compassion by thy frailty; and shall oft
Turn back, when speeding home from work, to help
Thee, weak and crippled, home. My little ones,
Thou shalt importune for their slender mite,
And pray, and move them that they give it up
For love of me.'"

The curate answered him,
"Art thou content, O great one from afar?"
"I am. Behold! I stand not all alone,
That I should think to do a perfect work.
I may not wish to give; for I have heard
'T is best for me that I receive. For me,
God is the only giver, and his gift
Is one." . . . . . .

Then did the beggar lift
His face to heaven, and utter forth a cry
As of the pangs of death, and every tree
Moved as if shaken by a sudden wind.
He cried again, and there came forth a hand
From some invisible form, which, being laid
A little moment on the curate's eyes,
It dazzled him with light that brake from it,
So that he saw no more.

JEAN INGELOW.

FROM the background of pain and sorrow often break out the noblest and most winning manifestations of humanity. The depth of human sym-

pathy, the wealth of its love, is displayed in scenes of tribulation and need. The robes of charity show their whiteness amid the gloom of poverty and distress. Christlike patience is born of suffering, the soul shines out in its essential splendor through the medium of bodily anguish, and faith trims her lamp in the shadow of the grave. Shall we call this existence a trivial thing, whose very miseries are the occasions of the noblest triumphs, whose trials may be converted into divine strength, whose tears may change into celestial dew, and nourish flowers of immortal hope?

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

IT is easy to suffer and to wait if we take the instant as something to be beautified.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

FAITH and patience are sure of ultimate triumph, — closed doors fly open, mountains of difficulty remove before the resolute will of man so inspired. The evils, failures, moral disasters, spiritual tragedies of life, can only be met worthily by hearts "at leisure from themselves."

HENRY WOODS PERRIS.

THEY were living to themselves. Self, with its hopes and promises and dreams, still had hold of them: but the Lord began to fulfil their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and he sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and he sent them thrilling anguish; they had asked to be meek, and he had broken their hearts; they had asked to be dead to the world, and he slew all their living hopes; they had asked to be made like unto him, and he placed them in the furnace, sitting by "as a refiner of silver," till they should reflect his image; they had asked to lay hold of his cross, and when he had reached it to them, it lacerated their hands. They had asked they knew not what, nor how; but he had taken them at their word, and granted them all their petitions. They were hardly willing to follow on so far, or to draw so nigh to him. They had upon them an awe and fear, as Jacob at Bethel, or Eliphaz in the night visions, or as the Apostles when they thought they had seen a spirit, and knew not that it was Jesus. They could almost pray him to depart from them or to hide his awfulness. They found it easier to obey than to suffer, to do than to give up, to bear the cross than to hang upon it; but they

cannot go back, for they have come too near the unseen cross, and its virtues have pierced too deeply within them. He is fulfilling to them his promise, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

But now, at last, their turn is come. Before, they had only heard of the mystery, but now they feel it. He has fastened on them his look of love, as he did on Mary and Peter, and they cannot but choose to follow. Little by little, from time to time, by flitting gleams, the mystery of his cross shines upon them. They behold him lifted up; they gaze upon the glory which rays forth from the wounds of his holy passion; and as they gaze, they advance, and are changed into his likeness, and his name shines out through them, for he dwells in them. They live alone with God above, in unspeakable fellowship; willing to lack what others own, and to be unlike all so that they are only like him.

Such are they in all ages who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Had they chosen for themselves, or had their friends chosen for them, they would have chosen otherwise. They would have been brighter here, but less glorious in his kingdom. They would have Lot's portion, not Abraham's. If they had halted anywhere — if he

had taken off his hand, and let them stray back — what would they not have lost! But he stayed them up, even against themselves. Many a time their foot had well-nigh slipped, but He in his mercy, held them up; now, even in this life, they know all He did was done well. It was good for them to suffer, — they shall reign; to bear the cross, — they shall wear the crown; and not that their will but His was done in them.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

PALM Sunday is the anniversary-day of a grand victory over life, as Easter Sunday is of a like victory over death. . . . And so it is that this day is sacred to us as the day on which the Saviour turned of his own accord to death, entered on the last and heaviest pain, bowed his head to the thorns and his neck to the cross, gave his cheek to the smiter, his soul to the agony, and his life to the world.

. . . Over there is the great city and temple, its roofs flashing like burnished gold in the summer sunlight, but full of men that hate him and are determined to kill him whenever again he shall enter its gates. There behind him is the house of the sisters where he is so welcomed and honored and loved. Away over to the North is dear

old Galilee, where he wandered as a boy and worked as a man. And why should he not turn the head of his yearling round, go back to Bethany, rest and repair his wasted strength, and then go to his old home and be quiet forevermore?

Ah, friends, when we know why, we know one of the most inestimable secrets that ever found its way into human souls; for then we know how one little word of four letters, repeated in the quiet of the soul, can outweigh all the pleading of the nature for exemption from pain, all the longings of the heart for the world's best blessings, all the shrinking of the soul itself from the horrors of great darkness, and can carry us through Gethsemane and up Calvary and roll the great stone away from the sepulchre and lift us through the parting cloud; and that small whispered word is Duty, and its twin sister is Love.

And I know of nothing more fruitful of instruction than to imagine for a moment that he should have yielded to the feeling that so struggled with Duty as, soon after, to compel him to cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," and so turn back to Bethany and Galilee and the old quiet life again. What, then, must have been the result? Let *me* remember it whenever nature grapples with duty and tries to force her back to

ease and quiet on my Palm Sunday. . . . Had it been possible that the whisper of that one little word should not be more than all beside to the Messiah, there would have been no Messiah and no Saviour. The most glorious things in this world's history and life would have been a dead blank. The infinite, the divine patience, the words that have sunk into the world's heart, the things that have renewed the world's life, had all gone back with that retreating figure, and no such light as rests there now, had rested on our graves, and no shining ones sat there to tell us they are empty of all but the graveclothes. The tenant has risen and gone to the old home again (to our Galilee). Thank God, it could not be so! The sun shining overhead that Palm Sunday had sooner turned back to his rising than Jesus had gone back to Bethany.

But the lesson touches the heart as directly, stands before us as imperiously, is as inevitable, as if it could have been; and it is this: suppose I turn back when Duty whispers, Go right on; suppose sorrow and trial and pain, or the prospect of it, masters *me*, what then? Then there is no Palm Sunday in my calendar; no shout for me of "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" In turning back, in shrinking back, in

failing to face all I fear when that little word is whispered in my soul, I leave that part of my life which may be the very condition of immortality a dead blank.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE world's supreme act of self-sacrifice was serene and calm in the moment of its performance; anguished and awful in the moments of its preparation. It was always in the intensity of prayer that our Lord saw what the Father willed him to do: and the natural weakness which trembled and shrank was poured into the bosom of the communing Comforter and replaced by his strength, so that the real trial was over before the outward occasion came; and then no defeat was possible, for every element of infirmity had been brought to the Light in which is no darkness, and before him had passed away. And thus forever prayer remains the great duty of our nature, whether in the times in which sadly and humbly we resort to it as our refuge from the stupor or the wilfulness of selfishness and sin, or in the times in which we feel invited to communion, with the rapture and delight of clear vision offered to us if we will obey the call, and not shrink from the glorifying effort to meet our God.

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

YOU may teach your child his prayers, and he shall say them with bended knee and reverent lips, and you shall explain to him how God hears and answers prayers, and he shall heed your counsels, and go to church and join decorously in the service, and be shocked and pained at irreverence in others, — and all the while have hardly yet known what prayer is, until in some profound trial, under some bitter bereavement, in some humiliating or threatening exposure, in some awakening throe of conscience, some shock of the intellect or the will, the theorizer and second-hand saint finds himself overboard and called to swim for his life, — no bladders under him, no fenced-in swimming-bath around him, no life-boat near, — nothing left but the distant shore and his muscles, courage and effort to reach it! Then it is, when the soul cries out for the living God, longs and faints for his presence, and in its fierce struggle for life strikes out with its spiritual limbs to reach its shore, that faith is born; that God's spirit comes under the soul, like the bounding, elastic sea beneath the trusting swimmer; that prayer becomes its own interpreter, God his own witness, and the soul its own teacher and way.

Experience is the inward light, and it will satisfy

each soul in its own way. All eyes are not helped in the same way; too much light blinds as certainly as too little; but God puts a taper, a candle, a star, a sun, a heaven of suns into the souls of his children, just as they need or can bear more or less. The glow-worm's light guides its mate as well as the morning star guides the dawn. Not what *your* soul, but what *my* soul needs, — not what would satisfy you, but what satisfies me, — is the heart's rightful demand; and this is just what religious experience, when it comes, gives to every soul.

If people would only believe in just that little original religious experience which each of them possesses, if they would only trust the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, how soon they would find it increasing and shedding ever more satisfying illumination on their way.

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

IN an old book of emblems of the fifteenth century, there is a device of the God of Love, not blind but winged, and with a pair of dividers in his hands, planting one point firmly on the centre, and with the other free, preparing to sweep the universe with his circle. Beneath is the legend, "From one fixed point I include all." Is not this

a motto for the human soul? We have the starting place, the centre, the fixed point, in our personal experience, — a mere spark of divine life it may seem; but the smallest soul has room for that, and from that shining spark the possibilities of infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, infinite gain in piety and truth, submit themselves to our conquest.

Stand, then, on that central spot, your own religious experience; give it not up to any summons; barter it not for any other possession; suspect it not for any challenge of others. But with your soul opening and questful, one foot fixed and one loose and free, step forward, widen the circle of light, conquer the darkness, and finally hope to see as you are seen, to know as you are known, and to have all mysteries lost in fulness of light and love.

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

WHAT then is our help? How then shall we reconcile ourselves to life? Only by throwing ourselves, as Christ did, when sorrows of this kind came upon him, out of ourselves into love of God, and into love of man. Again and again when Jesus was half broken-hearted with the evil which attacked him, he went into the wilderness

or to the mountain top to pray alone, to realize his union with the Father. In the very last and bitterest sorrow, when even his best beloved could not watch with him for one hour, he sought in the olive garden communion with his Father. And there, in utter loss of self, he found the peace which carried him through a death inflicted by those who hated him who died for them in love.

This is one secret of victory over suffering, — loss of self in love of God.

But that alone would not have been enough for Jesus. For such solitary communion tends to isolate us with ourselves. Jesus, and we with him, must lose himself in communion with God through work of love done to mankind. He passed from his own trouble into active help, and forgot all pain in the larger thoughts of what he might do to heal and succor pain. I think some of us might try that way. Trouble, anxiety, discontent, double themselves by brooding on them; they lessen to a shred when we seek the anxious, the troubled and the discontented, and lift them up, using our pain to help their pain. It is by work of this kind that the vast conception of mankind growing through sorrow and sacrifice into union with God slowly arises in us, and dwarfs in the end all our personal distress. We live then in so glorious an idea that

we feel our life glorious. We prize the breath we share with human kind, however painfully we draw it; and at last, driven by pain to feel with the pain of the world, learn the ineffable joy of that forgetfulness of self in sympathy with others which was the support, nay, even the rapture of Christ upon the Cross; which, touched for one moment with the depth of agony, passed into that majestic cry of peace and joy, "It is finished; Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

We may, with him, feel the very worst agony of life, and know we can live no more. But if, in the midst of it, we live in love, if still, for all the pain, we lose ourselves, we shall win the last and crowning joy of death for love. For God does not ask us to live longer than we can. The hour comes when death, our friend, releases us; and then all our long repression, all the forces of sorrowful effort, all the noble pain, are transformed into the expansion of the soul, into powers of joy, into the inconceivable rapidity with which we live and work in the life and labor of God.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

"I AM the True Vine," said our Lord, "and Ye,
My Brethren, are the Branches;" and that Vine
Then first uplifted in its place, and hung
With its first purple grapes, since then has grown,

Until its green leaves gladden half the world,
And from its countless clusters rivers flow
For healing of the nations, and its boughs
Innumerable stretch through all the earth,
Ever increasing, ever each entwined
With each, all living from the Central Heart.
And you and I, my brethren, live and grow,
Branches of that immortal human Stem.

Let us consider now this life of the Vine
Whereof we are partakers: we shall see
Its way is not of pleasure nor of ease.
It groweth not like the wild trailing weeds
Whither it willeth, flowering here and there;
Or lifting up proud blossoms to the sun,
Kissed by the butterflies, and glad for life,
And glorious in their beautiful array;
Or running into lovely labyrinths
Of many forms and many fantasies,
Rejoicing in its own luxuriant life.

The flower of the Vine is but a little thing,
The least part of its life, — you scarce could tell
It ever had a flower; the fruit begins
Almost before the flower has had its day.
And as it grows, it is not free to heaven,
But tied to a stake; and if its arms stretch out,
It is but crosswise, also forced and bound;
And so it draws out of the hard hill-side,
Fixed in its own place, its own food of life;
And quickens with it, breaking forth in bud,

Joyous and green, and exquisite of form,
Wreathed lightly into tendril, leaf, and bloom.
Yea, the grace of the green vine makes all the land
Lovely in spring-time; and it still grows on
Faster, in lavishness of its own life;
Till the fair shoots begin to wind and wave
In the blue air, and feel how sweet it is.
But so they leave it not; the husbandman
Comes early, with the pruning-hooks and shears,
And strips it bare of all its innocent pride,
And wandering garlands, and cuts deep and sure,
Unsparing for its tenderness and joy.
And in its loss and pain it wasteth not;
But yields itself with unabated life,
More perfect under the despoiling hand.
The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood;
The thinned-out bunches ripen into fruit
More full and precious, to the purple prime.

And still, the more it grows, the straighter bound
Are all its branches; and as rounds the fruit,
And the heart's crimson comes to show in it,
And it advances to its hour, — its leaves
Begin to droop and wither in the sun;
But still the life-blood flows, and does not fail,
All into fruitfulness, all into form.

Then comes the vintage, for the days are ripe.
And surely now in its perfected bloom,
It may rejoice a little in its crown,
Though it bend low beneath the weight of it,

Wrought out of the long striving of its heart.
But ah! the hands are ready to tear down
The treasures of the grapes; the feet are there
To tread them in the wine-press, gathered in;
Until the blood-red rivers of the wine
Run over, and the land is full of joy.
But the vine standeth stripped and desolate,
Having given all; and now its own dark time
Is come, and no man payeth back to it
The comfort and the glory of its gift;
But rather, now most merciless, all pain
And loss are piled together, as its days
Decline, and the spring sap has ceased to flow;
Now is it cut back to the very stem;
Despoiled, disfigured, left a leafless stock,
Alone through all the dark days that shall come.
And all the winter time the wine gives joy
To those who else were dismal in the cold;
But the vine standeth out amid the frost;
And after all hath only this grace left,
That it endures in long, lone steadfastness
The winter through, — and next year blooms again;
Not bitter for the torment undergone,
Not barren for the fulness yielded up;
As fair and fruitful towards the sacrifice
As if no touch had ever come to it
But the soft airs of heaven and dews of earth, —
And so fulfils itself in love once more.

And now what more shall I say?
The Vine from every living limb bleeds wine;

Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

The living Vine, — Christ chose it for himself:
God gave to man for use and sustenance
Corn, wine, and oil, and each of these is good:
And Christ is Bread of Life and Light of Life.
But yet he did not choose the summer corn,
That shoots up straight and free in one quick growth,
And has its day, and is done, and springs no more:
Nor yet the olive, all whose boughs are spread
In the soft air, and never lose a leaf,
Flowering and fruitful in perpetual peace:
But only this for him and his in one, —
The everlasting, ever-quickening Vine,
That gives the heat and passion of the world,
Through its own life-blood, still renewed and shed.

UGO BASSI.

Rendered in English verse by HARRIET E. H. KING.

GOD did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

May I reach
That purest heaven, -- be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I HAVE long looked at it as a most blessed compensation to our troubles that they teach us how to sympathize with others; yes, they teach us what sympathy itself is. You may throw all your heart into it, by every imagination, but, if it have not actually pressed its hot and heavy hand

upon you, you cannot know what affliction is, you cannot know the sympathy that starts quick within one as he feels that another has come within the great guild and mystery of grief; nor can your very truest word give that something of nameless, unutterable support which comes from one who is known to have been a sufferer. In every circle you will find those who seem singled out, whose society is craved, who get to be the ones sent for and relied upon, not because of any eloquent tongue, or much doing, or any special tact, but because of the grace that is only of experience, that teaches just what to do and when to forbear. There are some faces on which sorrow has written that which is more comforting than all beatitudes; some tones that have a music in them joy never has; some manners it would seem only angels could wear; and all learned under the stern and fiery, the purifying, elevating ministry of trouble, the school in which souls are taught life's holiest duties, and led into life's grandest issues.

But sympathy is no native gift; it is beyond that. The finest feelings, the most exquisite adapting of ourselves to others' standpoint, do not give it. It is a thing of culture, and its crowning culture is from sorrows ourselves have met and have wisely borne. It is a divine gift and privi-

lege, this power of sympathy; and it has a divine mission, — divine in that it leads us among the superior things, and shows us how we, too, may handle the things that ally us with God.

JOHN F. W. WARE.

I WILL not let thee go until thou bless me. — GEN. xxxii. 26.

DEATH'S MINISTRY.

DEATH'S MINISTRY.

ALL things are yours, . . . whether life or death.—1 COR. iii. 21, 22.

THERE is an "unseen universe" lying over against and within that which is visible and apparent to the senses. The outer, the visible, is in a state of constant whirl and change; it may be resolved back into its original elements, or dissipated in impalpable gases; but the universe of life and principles in which man finds his consciousness, his freedom, his real self-hood, is not and cannot be affected by any of these outer changes. Man may sum up in himself all there is of nature below him; but this is not his full measure; he is more; he is a spirit; he has a moral nature; he has free-will. And thus man, though a part of nature, and with a body conditioned in natural laws, has a something beyond this, and hence he may give back his body to the earth, and yet himself live on in his finer, his real world of spirit. . . .

Life is a fact, — a persistent energy, making possible and holding all there is in thought, in beauty, in love, in joy. Death is a nonentity, a nothing; or only a passing phase, or an appearance. "God is not the God of the dead but of the living" — of life; and hence, in the world of the real there is no death.

H. W. THOMAS.

WE are, perhaps, too much in the habit of thinking of death as the culmination of disease, which regarded only in itself, is an evil, and a terrible evil. But I think rather of death as the first pulse of the new strength, shaking itself free from the old mouldy remnants of earth-garments, that it may begin in freedom the new life that grows out of the old. The caterpillar dies into the butterfly. Who knows but disease may be the coming of the keener life breaking into this, and beginning to destroy, like fire, the inferior modes or garments of the present? And thus disease would be but the sign of the salvation of fire; of the agony of the greater life to lift us to itself, out of that wherein we are failing and sinning. And so we praise the consuming fire of life.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

DEATH had no bitterness. It was rather an exhalation than a dissolution. Immortality was not a tradition; it was a personal assurance. He lived in the glory of its promise, as plants live in air. As the sunshine sleeps in the sods, so heaven melted into his earth.

"To thee death was not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls!"

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM,
of WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

He quickeneth, but "He killeth:" blessed they
Who may abide in trust that final day!

JELALU-'D-'DIN, ER-RUMI, the saint of Balkh, the son
Of him surnamed "Flower of the Faith," this was a chosen one,
To whom Death softly showed himself, Heaven's gentle call to give;
For what word is it bids us die, save that which made us live?

Sick lay he there in Konya; 't was dawn; the golden stream
Of light, new springing in the east, on his thin lips did gleam, —

Those lips which spake the praise of God all through
his holy years,
And murmured now, with faith and hope unchanged,
the morning prayers.

Then one who watched beside his bed heard at the
inner gate
A voice cry, "*Aftah!* 'Open!' from far I come, and
wait
To speak my message to Jelâl, — a message that will
bring
Peace and reward to him who lies the *Fâtihah*
murmuring."

Thereat the watcher drew the bar which closed the
chamber-door,
Wondering and 'feared, for ne'er was heard upon this
earth before
Accents so sweet and comforting, nor ever eyes of
men
Saw presence so majestical as his who entered then.

Entered with gliding footsteps a bright celestial
youth,
Splendid and strange in beauty, past words to speak
its truth;
Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn
gaze,
By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery
rays.

'What is thy name?" the watcher asked, "that I may tell my lord,
Thou fair and dreadful messenger, whose glance is as a sword;
Whose face is like the Heaven unveiled; whose tender, searching voice
Maketh the heart cease beating, but bids the soul rejoice."

"AZRAEL ANA," spake the shape, "I am the Spirit of Death;
And I am sent from Allah's throne to stay thy master's breath."
"Come in! come in! thou Bird of God," cried joyously Jelâl,
"Fold down thy heavenly plumes and speak!—Islam! what shall be, shall."

"Thou blessed one!" the Angel said, "I bring thy time of peace;
When I have touched thee on the eyes, life's latest ache will cease;
God bade me come as I am seen amid the heavenly host,
No enemy of awful mould, but he who loveth most."

"Dear Angel! do what thou art bid," quoth Jelâl, smilingly,
"God willing, thou shalt find to-day a patient one in me;

Sweet is the cup of bitterness which cometh in such wise!"

With that he bowed his saintly brow, — and Azrael kissed his eyes.

Al-Mumît! "Slayer!" send him thus,
In love, not anger, unto us.

EDWIN ARNOLD.
From the ARABIC.

DEATH'S ANGEL.

COME with a smile, when come thou must,
Evangel of the world to be,
And touch and glorify this dust, —
This shuddering dust that now is me, —
And from this prison set me free!

Long in those awful eyes I quail,
That gaze across the grim profound;
Upon that sea there is no sail,
Nor any light nor any sound
From the far shore that girds it round:

Only — two still and steady rays
That those twin orbs of doom o'ertop;
Only — a quiet, patient gaze
That drinks my being, drop by drop,
And bids the pulse of nature stop.

Come with a smile, auspicious friend,
To usher in the eternal day!

Of these weak terrors make an end,
And charm the paltry chains away
That bind me to this timorous clay!

And let me know my soul akin
To sunrise and the winds of morn,
And every grandeur that has been
Since this all-glorious world was born, —
Nor longer droop in my own scorn.

Come, when the way grows dark and chill!
Come, when the baffled mind is weak,
And in the heart that voice is still,
Which used in happier days to speak,
Or only whispers, sadly meek.

Come with a smile that dims the sun!
With pitying heart and gentle hand!
And waft me, from a work that 's done,
To peace, that waits on thy command,
In some mysterious better land.

WILLIAM WINTER.

I SIT alone and watch the darkening years,
And all my heart grows dim with doubt and fear,
Till out of deepest gloom a Face appears;
The only one of all that shineth clear.

Make white thy wedding-garments, O my soul!
And sigh no longer for thy scanty dower;
For if He loves thee, He will crown the whole
With nobler beauty and immortal power.

O mighty Angel of the secret name!
Come, for my heart doth answer thy All-hail;
I know thy clasp is like a wind of flame;
I know that I shall perish, yet prevail.

Come with the new name and the mystic stone,
And speak so low that none shall hear the call.
O beautiful, beloved, and still unknown,
I ask Thee naught; Thy look hath promised all!

CARL SPENCER.

MY soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight, —
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King:
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

ALICE CARY.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
From the German of SALIS.

"GOOD-NIGHT! NOT GOOD-BY."

I SAW my Lady die;
And he, who ofttimes cruel is, dark Death,
Was so deep sorrowful to stay her breath,
He came all clemency:

He would not let her know;
So well he loved the bright soul he must take,
That for our grieving and her own fair sake
He hid his shaft and bow:

Upon her lips he laid
That "kiss of God" which kills but does not harm;
With tender message, breathing no alarm,
He said, "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad,
Pain half forgiven, parting well-nigh kind,
To mark how placidly my Lady's mind
Consented. Ready clad

In robes of unseen light
Her willing soul spread wing; and, while she passed,
"Darling! good-by!" we moaned — but she, at last,
Murmured, "No! but good-night!"

Good-night, then! Sweetheart! Wife!
If this world be the dark time, and its morrow
Day-dawn of Paradise, dispelling sorrow,
Lighting our starless Life.

Good-night! — and not good-by!
Good-night! — and best "Good-morrow!" when we wake;
Yet why so quickly tired? Well, we must make
Haste to be done, and die!

For dying has grown dear
Now you are dead, who turned all things to grace;
We see Death made pale slumber on your face;
Good-night! — But is dawn near?

EDWIN ARNOLD.

IN SLEEP.

"*He giveth his beloved (in) sleep.*"

NOT in our waking hours alone
His constancy and care are known;
But locked in slumber fast and deep
He giveth to us while we sleep.

What giveth He? From toil release,
Quiet from God, night's starlit peace;
Till with the coming of the morn
We greet the day, like it new-born.

And pondering this mystery,
There came a larger truth to me, —
How in the sleep that we call death
He sleepeth not nor slumbereth,

But still sustains the silent soul
Until the shadows backward roll,
And with the passing of the night
It wakens in immortal light!

What giveth He? No more again
To know the touch of mortal pain;

All weakness past, each fetter riven, —
For earth the larger life of Heaven!

Dear friend, as o'er thy pallid face
The tall white lilies breathed their peace,
And stillness like a solitude
Enwrapt the tearful multitude,

How sweetly on that sea of calm
Floated the music of the psalm, —
The Spirit's voice upon the deep,
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Once more the sun with lavish hand
Pours lengthening day along the land;
But not with spring-time bloom and bird
Thy smile returns, thy voice is heard:

Yet still we say the old-time words,
"In life, in death, we are the Lord's;"
And trust thee to His love to keep
Who giveth to His own in sleep.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

"'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

BETTER because of our happy memories of past joys; better again, because our loss has given us a deeper understanding of what true love is. For love has three stages of growth: first and most common is the selfish love that takes; sec-

ond, the unselfish love that gives; and third, and highest of all, the sanctified love that surrenders; — which in pure self-sacrifice is willing for the higher good of the loved one to forego the joy of its presence. This is the holiest form of love, and few are they who can attain it. Be it ours to show that higher love that is willing to surrender its dearest, so that He wills it.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

ICE breaks many a branch, and so I see a great many persons bowed down and crushed by their afflictions. But now and then I meet one that sings in affliction, and then I thank God for my own sake as well as his. There is no such sweet singing as a song in the night. You recollect the story of the woman who, when her only child died, in rapture looked up, as with the face of an angel, and said, "I give you joy, my darling." That single sentence has gone with me years and years down through my life, quickening and comforting me. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DEATH: have you ever wrestled with that death-sorrow till you know its inner sweetness? Sweetness greater than all, I would almost say. The loss is loss. We say, perhaps, "It is

their gain," and wish to be willing. Our hurt gets no relief. The days go by and the emptiness is as empty, and the silence as silent, and the ache as relentless in its pain. What shall we do? Our friends look on and wish that they could help us. And they know that help will come, because to their own wrestling it once came. They know that the heart of this pain is joy indeed. And if you asked them how it came about in distress so very sore as yours, their differing words will probably amount to this: that such pain can be stilled in one way only, and that is by being *more actively unselfed*, by doing more for others through one's sadness, and trying hard to do simply right. It takes a wrestle, yes; but they will assure us as a simple inward fact, whose chemistry they do not pretend to understand, that the inner wards of helpfulness and duty done at such a time deepen and sweeten into something that almost seems a new experience from its exceeding peace. It is not time making us forget, — nay, just the opposite: we feel that this new peace is somehow vitally connected with that pain; and at last we come to think of them and feel them together. And then we begin to call it peace and forget it was pain; and by and by the hour in memory which is our lingering place for quiet, happy

thoughts, is the very one which is lighted by a dear, dead face. It is our heaven-spot; and, like the fair city of the Apocalypse, it hath no need of sun, for the glory of that face doth lighten it. Perhaps, as life goes by, there will be more than one of these green pastures with still waters in our inner life. And this we shall then find out, — that each death-sorrow is itself unique, because each life and love has been unique. And thus the very highest and deepest and holiest of our experiences in some way wear the likeness of those friends that we have lost.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

THE next best thing to a great joy is a great grief. My sorrow is now the root of all that any love in me, the source of all aspiration, the stimulus to all good. I think I should not fear for any one what is called "selfishness of grief." If they have loved a noble soul, that influence will surely raise them into sympathy, in time. It will be sooner in some cases than in others, but it *will* be, for love is life, and bereaved ones have no personal life any more, — nothing to wish for themselves; they cannot choose but turn to the life of others. It is one of the most benignant laws of this world of ours.

STORY OF WILLIAM AND LUCY SMITH.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace.

I 'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THROUGH all the mysteries of our earthly lot, we would feel ourselves embosomed in the Infinite Strength and Peace. . . . Whether we walk in the morning light, or in the night shadows, — over, around, and beneath us are spread the Everlasting Arms. . . . How strong is the assurance that what is bound up with our life, and makes a dear part of our being, cannot be wholly lost; that it must answer to the love in which it is more deeply than ever enshrined! How real becomes the unseen world, no longer unfamiliar, but warm with the treasures and light of home! How we look through its half-opened gates, into its glory and its peace, where the innocence and beauty of childhood must dwell in the life of which they are the image; and the ties that here seem broken must be preserved in the love that made them ours; and the powers we would have trained here, must be unfolded in the same care that inspired our striving, and will not let it be in vain.

Nor would we forget that by this tranquil mystery which we call death, we are brought the closer to a sense of an infinite calm of unchangeable good in which we must confide; on whose bosom, with our beloved that have fallen asleep therein, we can rest, sure of compensations flowing from the Life

that can comprehend the depth of these affections it has implanted, and the bitterness of earthly loss.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THIS loving Care that folds in our little lives, how near it comes when we need it most! I feel as if it held you now in a tenderness such as none of us can know, and none know how to ask for. "The night shall be light about you," calling you to what trustlike sleep, bringing out holy, eternal stars. . . . I know that you will, more than ever, know how to help the weak who faint amid the mysteries of those laws of life we call *death*. For only the uplifted face of one who has tasted these waters and found them divine, can help such to faith. Here in the border of the heavy loss, and the change it is so hard to bring into the daily ways of life, feel as much as you can, how many hearts there are that would come and sit with you, as near as they may, with their best sympathy and faith.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HE will swallow up Death in Victory. — ISAIAH xxv. 8.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTALITY.

I AM the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.

Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into condemnation; but hath passed out of death into life.

And exercise thyself unto godliness; for godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.

In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

I WITH uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. Say not so!
'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stay behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!

For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MAN is a creature of the future. In no manner is he simply a creature of the day. The moment does not contain him. The curtain of the night but ill conceals the next dawning. The future is veiled only dimly; such light strikes through, that man cries, "Behind the veil, behind the veil!" We are like restless children, eager for the sunrise when some fond anticipation disturbs their sleep. We are men standing by the curtained future, and beholding behind the folds, like the ancient Jew, the mercy-seat and the cherubim.

SILAS W. SUTTON.

THE to-morrow of death is near because of the hopes that rest in that to-morrow. We live another life in our life. Thought and hope and love break through the barriers of death and live on the further side. Aspiration rises on wings into that realm beyond the barriers. Man is impatient of more or fewer years, and while time is a laggard and death delays, leaps to mighty conclusions. The sense of immortality stirs within his breast and makes him uneasy with a great joy. He reflects how out of dust and ashes aspiration may not rise to transcend the truth, and how hope is a divine pledge, and how virtue and praise and love and joy cannot die; how every worthy and high principle that finds place in his being allies him to a sweet mystery and commanding Power.

SILAS W. SUTTON.

THE curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. And seest thou therein any glimpse of Immortality? Is the white tomb of our loved one, who died from our arms, and must be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully

receding milestone, to tell how many toilsome, uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone, — but a pale spectral illusion? Is our lost friend still mysteriously here, even as we are here mysteriously, with God? Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IT is a little thing in comparison to believe in immortality. The great thing is to live as an immortal.

JOHN WEISS.

WE talk of immortality; but there is a better phrase than that, — the word of Jesus, "Eternal Life." That implies not mere duration, but quality. It blends the present and the future in one. It sets before us a state into which we are called to enter now, and into which as we enter we find ourselves at home in our Father's house, beyond the power of doubt and fear.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

IF the cup of life is full there is little sense of past or future; the present is enough. . . . When Christ speaks of Eternal Life, he does not

mean future endless existence; this may be involved, but it is an inference or secondary thought; he means instead fulness or perfection of life.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

IF I were to construct one all-embracing argument for immortality, and were to put it into one word, it would be — *God*. . . . It was Christ's realization of the living God that rendered his own conviction of eternal life so absolute.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

WE must rest our hopes on what is deepest, holiest, most divine within us; and on the life and character and affirmations of those most exalted specimens of our race who have had the most unquestioning faith, connected with the least disturbed, the least fanciful, and the least irrational dispositions and qualities. Jesus, the calmest, sanest, purest, best of souls, the consummate flower of humanity, affirmed our personal immortality with undoubting, unqualified certainty. I believe him, not chiefly because he rose from the dead, but because he was all alive, immortal, living on principle, and for ends that were eternal, from the sermon on the mount to the words from the cross. I have the witness in myself that he was

the Son of God; his words find my inmost heart, his affirmations evoke and clarify my own. "I know that my Redeemer" — namely God, for these words were written ages before Christ appeared — "liveth, and in the latter day shall raise me from the dead." Blessed festival, that celebrates a risen Saviour! Though the tomb *had* kept thy ashes, thy spirit could never have been holden of death! If thou wert so pure and instinct with immortality that thy very dust was made heavenly and flew to heaven with thy spirit, it shall not be wholly incredible! But we expect no such resurrection for *our* dust, and shall be only too glad to give its worn and devitalized particles up to the earth. But thy resurrection, thy spiritual triumph over death, the spiritual trust in the soul's superiority to the mere material clothing it here wears, thy abounding confidence in the eternal destiny of our moral and rational nature, the sacred prophecy of our personality, the eternal unfolding of that bud which can put on its higher beauties only under the deathly frost that stains its leaves to heavenly gold, — this we welcome, this we lean on with our whole spiritual weight, assured it cannot fail while virtue, truth, the moral nature remain, and the true and holy God lives in the eternal now and the eternal forever!

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

IT is indeed a faith which it needs such as Jesus to instil. Those who knew him took it in and made it real. For us, we drink at the same fountain. The promise was not an empty promise; and when the moment comes, when the cloud opens and the heaven reveals itself, the Comforter, who is the Holy Spirit, speaks to us. It speaks to say that the world of God is larger than this world of man. The Father of perfect love is always training us for that larger life, and those fuller powers. When he calls the careful thinker who has exhausted earthly processes, or the brave leader who has quickened a thousand thousand lives, nay, the loving boy who has shown me what the Kingdom of Heaven is, and what it is like, or the unselfish mother whose life has been all made up of help and blessing to those around her, — when God lifts these into a life unembodied, and therefore unseen, he teaches me again the lesson which Jesus was teaching always. Such lives have larger sphere and duty; for God's purpose is larger than these cramped places and these passing hours. Who lives as they have lived, and with such faith as their faith, these never die.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

YES! earth grows the poorer, Heaven seems more desirable, when our loved ones have gone before into the shadowy land. Shadowy, did I say? Nay! *here* is the shadowy, *there* the light that blots out the radiance of the sun. Dark with excess of brightness that higher world is, because our eyes are so weak, our faith so dim. In this ever-changing world of phenomena *we* seem shadows pursuing shadows, like the rest. When we reach *that* shore we shall know that truth, which is God's thought, and love, which is his life, were the only real things we had ever found. Will you not live more for these, — less for things that perish in the using?

HENRY WOODS PERRIS.

I FEEL the unutterable longing,
Thy hunger of the heart is mine;
I reach and grasp for hands in darkness,
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

O friend, no proof beyond this yearning,
This outstretch of our hearts, we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I CANNOT doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified; or if they sleep shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope below this consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
Hope below this consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but its own pure will.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AN aureole signifies the artist's despair. He paints his Madonna with his best art and choicest colors. But when he has done all there is a lack. The spiritual essence has eluded him; and in despair he encircles the head with a ring of light, as if to say, Besides this there was the ineffable beauty that cannot be represented on canvas. This ineffable beauty is a reality, — none the less real that it cannot be painted, and must be represented by the aureole about the head. Thinking upon these intangible realities, thinking how real are many things we cannot touch, gives me my clearest faith in immortality. DAVID N. UTTER.

ALMOST any right feeling about this present life helps to rectify our feelings about the future life. All our best moods feel immortal.

Does ever a brave man lay down his life, and feel it merely a mortal one? I think not. For the good soul in him will not let itself be thought of so. A heart has only to be noble, and of itself it will fill with faith. No martyr ever went the way of duty and felt the shadow of death upon it. The shadow of death is darkest in the valley, which men walk in easily, and is never felt at all on a steep place, like Calvary. Truth is everlasting, and so is every lover of it; and so he feels himself almost always. "To die is nothing to being false. I feel death like nothing at all; and so it is nothing in itself, most likely." In battle, let it be for his country that a man stands up; and his brave, noble soul makes him feel that there is in him a life, that is no more to be touched by cannon-balls than God is, or than the Kingdom of Heaven is.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

ATHANASIA.

THE ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean-grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I,
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath!
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God:
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

CHARLES G. AMES.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

For still I know that safe with Thee
The spirit of Thy child would be;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA HART WILLARD.

THE unresting floods move by Him also; the sea is His, and He made it. I seem to myself more in his hand than ever when I drift in that immensity where power is almost tangible, and I can feel the liftings and fallings with which, as if I were a child in arms, He tends me. If I go down to the depths, He will go with me, and instantly I shall be at the land whither I went, with the face I waited for shining suddenly upon me.

What if He say to me, "Thou shalt not cross *this* Jordan"? It will be that He shall bear me over into the other Canaan and into the better promise.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

IF my bark sink, 't is to another sea.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

SIX feet of earth for my body, and the infinite heaven for my soul, is what I shall soon have.

ANNE DU BOURG
(*at sight of the scaffold, and in presence of his executioners*).

THE sorrowing son said to the dying Scotch woman, "Is it dark, mother?" "Nay, nay, laddie, it is light on the other side."

BY faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed, to go out into a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise, as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents, with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar, and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own. And if indeed they had been mindful of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city. HEBREWS XI.

He made life — and He takes it — but instead
Gives more; praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hîd!

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends.

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah 's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this:
"I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'T is an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid

That treasure of His treasury,
A mind which loved Him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hîd, Allah good!
Now thy grace is understood;
Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unspoken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you; lost, 't is true,
To the light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept,
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death —
Now I see — is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above:
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
"La Allah illa Allah! Yea,
Mu'hîd! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.
From the ARABIC.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
  Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
  And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
  Here no longer dwell;
    But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
  A mansion incorruptible.
    Would they could have stayed with us!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS.

CLEAR in memory's silent reaches
  Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
  Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
  To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
  Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
  As my life-path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
  Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
  And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
  In some New Jerusalem.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

MY DEAD.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
  What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

A REQUIEM.

INTO the eternal shadow
  That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
  Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
  And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shadows,
  And dost possess the Deep.

Now I can see thee clearly;
  The dusky cloud of clay,
That hid thy starry spirit,
  Is rent and blown away:

To earth I give thy body,
Thy spirit to the sky,
I saw its bright wings growing,
And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen;
Lifts the eternal shadow,
The silence bursts apart,
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I SHALL clasp thee again, O soul of my soul,
And with God be the rest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AND, O belovèd voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because erelong
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil — I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye. . . .
God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white —

I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GOD does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring blows o'er the pleasant places
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces;
The violet is here.

It all comes back, — the odor, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left; no looking for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places;
The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

IS it well with the child? And she answered, It is well. 2 KINGS iv. 26.

A GREATER love than yours watched over him and has taken him away. Why he was taken in the dawn of his being we cannot tell. The secrets of that world into which he has entered can alone explain it. Our world does not seem to have been intended for the education of

all. To many it is only a birthplace. They are born to be translated, to receive their education elsewhere. Can we not trust our loving Father to choose the place where his children shall be trained? Is it not enough that they are in his hands?

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

LIFTED OVER.

AS tender mothers guiding baby steps,
Where places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down,
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

H. H.

SADNESS AND GLADNESS.

THERE was a glory in my house,
And it is fled;
There was a baby at my heart,
And it is dead.

And when I sit and think of him,
I am so sad,
That half it seems that never more
Can I be glad.

If you had known this baby mine,
He was so sweet
You would have gone a journey just
To kiss his feet.

You cannot think how many things
He learned to know
Before the swift, swift angel came,
And bade him go.

But should you ask me how it is
That yours can stay,
Though mine must spread his little wings
And fly away,

I could but say that God, who made
This heart of mine,
Must have intended that its love
Should be the sign

Of His own love; and that if He
Can think it right
To turn my joy to sorrow, and
My day to night,

I cannot doubt that He will turn,
In other ways,
My winter darkness to the light
Of summer days.

I know that God gives nothing to
Us for a day;
That what He gives He never cares
To take away.

And when He comes and seems to make
Our glory less,
It is that, by and by, we may
The more confess

That He has made it brighter than
It was before, —
A glory shining on and on
For evermore.

And when I sit and think of this,
I am so glad,
That half it seems that never more
Can I be sad.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"GOD lent him and takes him," you sigh!
Nay, there let me break with your pain;
God 's generous in giving, say I —
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.

He 's ours and forever. Believe,
O father! — O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give
Means with God not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what He gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given — be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent
In His temple, indignant He went
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'T is to add to it rather — amend,
And finish it up to your dream; —

Or keep, — as a mother may toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! you, who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the Heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are — speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
Then courage! 'T is easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
To the safe place above us. Adieu.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst;

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove —
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop their meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But nought can lure the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try;
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie;—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep—
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

A YEAR in heaven for her, — what is she learning
Of holy things, of things divine and true?
What glorious visions there are still unfolding
Which here she never knew?

Did angel friends await her at her coming?
Did angel faces greet her with a smile?
Were all the dear ones eager to receive her
Whom she had lost awhile?

And has she seen the loving, blessed Jesus,
Sat at his feet or felt his fond embrace?
Or even can it be that she is able
To see the Father's face?

A year on earth for us without her presence, —
A year of loneliness and grief and pain;
But still we smile amid our tears, in thinking
Our loss is but her gain.

We miss her in our joys and in our sorrows:
She was our life, our centre, and our sun.
And yet we would not call her back, but whisper,
"O God, thy will be done!"

A year in heaven for her, of rest and blessing:
For us a year on earth, with her above.
But heaven and earth are both together blending,
And over all is Love!

M. L. D.

THE GATHERING PLACE.

I KNOW not where, beneath, above,
The gathering place so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love,
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh, rich with all the wealth of grace,
Oh, bright with many a holy face,
Is that exalted meeting place.

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad home-land not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.

And as we think of all we knew,
Who there have met, and part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
So poor this world, now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best,
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest
And be from sin and sorrow freed.

So we will wait with patient grace,
Till in that blessed gathering place,
We meet our friends and see His face.

ANON.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHAT is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness, still the Years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight, all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great, and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages, and saintly women who have made
Their households happy; all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie

Be broken; in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NO seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No weary hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.
No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

HORATIUS BONAR.

IN what body do they come? not in the body of flesh and blood. Rather is it reasonable to suppose that, as there is a natural body and also a spiritual body, so the latter, or its immortal germ,

is even now tabernacling in the former; and that at death it is disengaged from its companion clay, and stands forth at once unharmed by fire or sword, by accident or disease, its texture and organization finer and more delicate than we can now conceive. And this is the resurrection. Nor in the "house from heaven" with which the soul is thus "clothed upon," does it lose for a moment its sure identity. Character gives to these earthly lineaments its own appropriate moral expression. More fully yet shall it shine through and reveal itself in the spiritual countenance.

ALFRED P. PUTNAM.

LET not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

If ye loved me ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father.

Ye now have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh away from you.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace. JESUS.

OH, for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh, for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!

A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song;

A little while to wear the veil of sadness,
To toil with weary step through miry ways,
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise;

A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, — He doth all things well;

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off mountains fed,
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head;

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
  A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
  To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
  The future glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
  Will light the shadows of earth's little while.

HORATIUS BONAR.

COME to me, thoughts of heaven,
  My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
  Up to celestial air.

Away, far, far away,
  From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
  O blessed thoughts of heaven!

Come in my tempted hour,
  Sweet thoughts, and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory shower
  Your soft, effacing rain;

Waft me where gales divine
  With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts forever shine,
  O blessed thoughts of heaven!

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

I RAISE
The song of thanks and praise
For those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised!
For those rich affections,
Those shadowy intimations,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us — cherish — and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither, —
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God.

I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth towards the skies;
Thinking of the souls that rest
In the mansions of the blest;
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in Thee we glorify:
Noble athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom;
And the saints, through toil and shame
Brave confessors of thy name.

Glory, Lord, to Thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest!

Let their praises, heavenly King,
Let the blessed hymn they sing,
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain;
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem, — theirs and ours.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O God, shall be forever blessed.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Their Strength and Shield in all the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness, still the Light of light.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

SOMETIME and Somewhere shall we walk
Clear of earth in high places;
Sometime and somewhere shall we talk
With our hearts in our faces;

And see all the meaning writ clear,
The depth and the sweetness,
Apart from this doubt and this fear,
This sad incompleteness.

NORA PERRY.

WHAT is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OF those whom thou hast given me I have not lost one.

JESUS.

THE FAMILY ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN.

THE FAMILY ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN

Lo! at length the True Light, — light for every man born into the world; kindling the faces of them that receive it, till they become the sons of God.

No longer is the dwelling of Eternal Life too bright above, and the perishable world too dark below. Thou hast made one family, there and here; one living communion of seen and unseen. CANTICLES.

Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. JESUS.

I THINK we do not begin to realize as we ought what ministries cluster round our life, to aid us in being what we may be, — angels, angels, every one, thick about us every day, bearing us in their hands, and lifting us up when we are fallen. Their faces gladden us when we do well, and grow very sad at us when we sin. Ay, and in some way

those that we think of and speak of as in heaven love us still with all the old love of earth and all the new love of heaven together. So, because they love us still, we are still one, our souls are in theirs and they in ours. We touch hands in spirit, and the light that is not the light of the sun covers and enfolds us all. ROBERT COLLYER.

MAN, in the great plan of Providence, is not *transferred* from one sphere of being into another. Rather is he brought into conscious relations to a higher and yet higher sphere, by the successive development of his original powers. . . . The spiritual world is not a realm far off in space, into which we shall be introduced by the event of death. Rather is it that order of being of which we are to have cognizance by the powers that already wait within us, and death will not so much remove *us*, as remove *from* us the obstructions that closed us in from its unseen illuminations. . . . Was the spot where the patriarch slept indeed more holy than other places, and was the bush of Moses the only symbol of angelic ministrations? Or rather could we see as they saw, would not every spot be holy, and all nature seem aglow with those activities which run from the spiritual

world into the natural? Was the Saviour of men an example in temptation only, or was he not also our example in victory, revealing unto us those heavenly auxiliaries that work with us and strengthen us as we toil up the hill of Difficulty toward the regions of Peace? And on the mount of transfiguration, was the change in him, so that he appeared as never before, or was it in his disciples, so that they saw him as he always had been, living in two worlds, walking on the earth, and yet "the son of man who is in heaven," talking with men, yet holding converse with the skies?

Man could not be the subject of such revelations unless already he lived within the precincts of the mystic world, and had a faculty within him to be acted upon by its essential laws. These concealments of matter which engird us are therefore but frail walls that shut us in, which, falling down, give us sight of those higher skies that arch over us, and those brighter fields that lie around us trodden by the feet of angels, and over which breathe the airs of celestial love.. EDMUND H. SEARS.

THERE are many sayings of Jesus, and incidents in his life, which imply the intimate communion of the dead with the living. One of the most striking features of his life is the fre-

quency and nearness of his converse with the spiritual world. He never speaks of angels and just men made perfect as if there were a weary distance to be crossed from them to us or from us to them. They are often with him, — at his birth, in his temptation, and in his agony; they come uncalled, they watch by his sepulchre, and wait on his ascension. The spirits of the long-dead talk with him on the mountain. His voice to the widow's son, his powerful word at the tomb of Lazarus, seem addressed to souls not afar off, but within call, — near the scenes from which they had gone, and among the friends who thought them lost forever. He promises also his own spiritual presence with his followers, when he shall no longer be visible to the outward eye.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

I LOVE to look on the transfiguration, and on similar scenes in our Saviour's pilgrimage, as but revelations, manifestations of the spiritual life, which in numberless forms perpetually surrounds us. Heaven, I believe, is not afar off, but unspeakably near, compassing our homes, encircling our daily ways. There is no doubt constantly about us a cloud of unseen spirits, — the hosts of God encamp around our dwellings, — strains of

celestial praise, such as hailed the Saviour's birth, are always borne, though unheard, on our night air, —

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

It was no rare thing, though an amazing sight, when Elisha beheld angelic hosts drawn out for his defence. Nor had the hills of Judea grown unfamiliar to Moses and Elijah, who on the mount "appeared in glory." The whole tenor of Scripture brings the two worlds together, makes us feel that they are as one world, — that our departed friends, and the wise and holy of all times, may be around us and with us. ANDREW P. PEABODY.

BE of comfort! Thou art not alone if thou have faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred Miserere; their heroic actions also, as a boundless, everlasting psalm of triumph. THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WE think about the things in this world that we have never seen much as we believe in the things of the other world. . . . I shall know, I think, better than I have ever known, how real the things may be that lie upon that other side, to which men cross but once, and come not back, nor send to us with stories of their travel. I shall be able to think that life and love, like the planet, are round; and that though we lose them out of our little horizon, nothing that holds to them by the eternal gravitation ever falls away. . . . I shall feel, too, how certain it must be, after all, that from out that heavenly morning, sweet words and breaths *are* sent back into our waiting twilights, — writings are made in our hearts of the blessed things that they walk in the midst of, in that near, fair Other Side.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE truth is as clear and bright to me as is this sunny afternoon that the world of spirits is very near to us, just as God and Christ are near; and that we can interchange influences with our risen and glorified, as truly as you and I are now corresponding across the seas.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

WHILE, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly —
And knowledge greater than grief can dim —
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly —
Yea, better — e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast, calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE SILENT HOURS.

AS the storm retreating
Leaves the vales in peace,
Let the world's vain noises,
O'er our spirits cease.

Now the hours of stillness,
Wondrous visions show;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.

Holy, human faces,
From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
Bid us patient be.

Almost we discern them,
Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying —
"Wait a little while."

Thus in hours of stillness,
Faith to Heaven shall rise,
Till death's last, deep silence
Quite unseals our eyes.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

HE AND SHE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her; thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips, that had secrets to tell;

About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and marriage lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes, —
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there,
But silence and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine and roses and rosemary:
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he, who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again — he and she.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; yet she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense

"See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss,
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed;

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid;

"You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Tho' he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say
With the sweet, soft voice in the dear old way? —

"The utmost wonder is this — I hear
And see you, and love you and kiss you, dear,

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know, tho' dead, I have never died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled;
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

The child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she 's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O FAITHFUL heart! sweet peace hast thou
In God's eternal bosom now!
Dust sinks to dust in calm repose;
Into its rest the spirit goes.

The love that was thy life while here
Is now thy heavenly atmosphere;
God's heaven enspheres us round, and thou,
In Him, art nearer to us now.

So then we cry, Farewell, and Hail!
Brave heart, thy work shall never fail;
And we who here a friend deplore,
Have gained in heaven one angel more.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

WHAT a momentous interest is given to our whole earthly life by the thought that it is passed in the presence and communion of the whole spiritual family! To my mind there is hardly a text of Scripture, or form of speech, that rolls on with such a depth and fulness of meaning as these words: "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Vast and bewildering is the philosophical speculation which tells us that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. But far more grand and unspeakably solemn is the thought that our daily lives, our conduct in lowly and sheltered scenes, our speech and walk in the retirement of our homes, are felt through the universe of ever-living souls, — that the laws of attraction and repulsion that reach through all orders of being ex-

tend to our least word and deeds, — that in every worthy, generous, holy impulse all heaven bears part, — that from the trail of our meanness and selfishness, our waywardness and levity, all heaven recoils. Let the august witnesses, the adoring multitude, in whose presence we dwell and worship, arouse us to growing diligence in duty, and awaken in us increasing fervor of spirit, that we may run with patience the race that is set before us, and, found faithful unto death, may receive the crown of life.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

THE seasons when Jesus enjoyed the nearest communion with heaven deserves our special regard. When was it that angels and glorified spirits became manifest in his society? Not when the multitudes thronged him, and children sang hosannas in the temple, — not during his few and brief seasons of ease and outward success. They first came to him after his forty days' temptation, when he had contended in lonely prayer with every allurement which could draw him aside from his appointed work. Again, on the mount, came Moses and Elijah. And of what talked they with him? Not of crowns, or of applauding multitudes, but of his approaching agony and death. Again,

when in Gethsemane he wrestled with the severest powers of evil, and won the victory before his hour had come, there appeared an angel from heaven strengthening him. Are not these things written that heaven may seem nearest to us when trials most abound, in loneliness and weariness, in desertion and agony, — that we may bring the unseen world into the clearest view when the power of evil is the strongest, and that, when no earthly voice gives us comfort or a godspeed, we may feel that angels minister to us and glorified spirits urge us heavenward?

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

ETERNAL GOODNESS.

ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

PSALM ciii. 2–4.

BLESSED art thou, O Lord, our God! who sustainest the living with beneficence, and with great mercy quickenest the dead, supportest the fallen, and healest the sick; thou loosenest those who are in bonds, and wilt accomplish thy faith unto those who sleep in the dust. Who is like unto thee, O Lord of mighty acts! or who can be compared unto thee, who art the King, who killest, and restorest to life; and causest salvation to spring forth! Who is like unto thee, O merciful Father! who in mercy rememberest thy creatures to life!

ANCIENT HEBREW RITUAL.

I CANNOT think the future world is to be feared, even by the worst of men. I had rather die a sinner than live one. Doubtless justice is there to be done; that may seem stern and severe. But remember, God's justice is not like a man's; it is not vengeance, but mercy; not poison, but medicine. To me it seems tuition more than chastisement. God is not the jailer of the universe, but the Shepherd of the people; not the hangman of mankind, but their Physician, — yes, our Father. I know his justice is love; that if I suffer, it is for my everlasting joy. . . . Shall God forget his child, his frailest or most stubborn child; leave him in endless misery, a prey to insatiate sin? I tell you No; not God. Why, this eccentric earth forsakes the sun a while, careering fast and far away, but that attractive power prevails at length, and the returning globe comes rounding home again. . . . Do you tell me that culprit's mother loves her son more than God can love him? Then go and worship her. I know that when father and mother both forsake me, in the extremity of my sin, I know my God loves on. Oh yes, ye sons of man, Indian and Greek, ye are right to trust your God. No grain of dust gets lost from off this dusty globe; and shall God lose a man from off this sphere of souls? Believe it not.

I know that suffering follows sin, lasting long as the sin. I thank God it is so; that God's own angel stands there to warn back the erring Balaams, wandering towards woe. But God, who sends the rain, the dew, the sun, on me as on a better man, will, at last, I doubt it not, make us all pure, all just, all good. . . . I expect to suffer for each conscious, wilful wrong; I wish, I hope, I long to suffer for it. I am wronged if I do not; what I do not outgrow, live over and forget here, I hope to expiate there. I fear a sin, not to outgrow a sin. . . .

Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so forever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin. . . . The more I live, the more I love this lovely world; feel more its Author in each little thing, in all that is great. But yet I feel my immortality the more. In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble, though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals, his most celestial flower, to mature its seed throughout eternity.

THEODORE PARKER.

GOD created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

The souls of the righteous are in the hands of

God; and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction. But they are in peace, for though they be afflicted in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. Having been a little chastened, they shall be greatly rewarded, for God proved them and found them worthy of himself. As gold in the furnace he tried them and received them as a burnt offering. They shall shine in the time of his visitation and shall judge the nations. They that put their trust in him shall understand the truth, and such as be faithful shall abide with him in love.

But the ungodly shall be punished according to their own imaginations, and when they cast up the account of their sins, they shall fear, and their iniquities shall convince them to their face. When they see it they shall be troubled and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, beyond all that they had looked for. They are scourged by the strength of thine arms. It is not possible to escape thine hand. Thy incorruptible spirit is in all men, therefore chastenest thou them and warnest them by putting them in remembrance wherein they have offended, that leaving their wickedness they may believe on thee, O God. So

were they troubled for a short season that they might be admonished, having a sign of salvation to put them in remembrance of the commandment of thy law.

Thou hast power over life and death: thou leadest to the gates of hell and bringest up again, and hast made thy children to be of a good hope, for thou givest repentance of sin. Thou lovest all things which thou hast made: thou sparest all, for they are thine, O Lord, thou lover of souls. God made not death, neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the wicked. He created all things that they might have their being in righteousness; and righteousness is immortal.

By thy power is the beginning of righteousness, and because thou art the Lord of all, it maketh thee to be gracious unto all. The true beginning of righteousness is the desire of discipline, and the end of discipline is love, and love is the keeping of his laws, and in the keeping of his laws is the assurance of immortality. The Holy Spirit of Discipline will not abide where righteousness has come in.

Thou, O God, art gracious and true: long-suffering, and in mercy ordering all things. For if we sin we are thine, knowing thy power: but we will not sin, knowing that we are counted thine.

For to know thee is perfect righteousness: yea, to know thy power is the root of immortality.

The righteous live forevermore: their reward is also with the Lord, and the care of them is with the Most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom and a crown of beauty from the Lord's hand. WISDOM.

Our God is a consuming fire.

THE man who loves God, and is not yet pure, courts the burning of God. Nor is it always torture. The fire shows itself sometimes only as light — still it will be fire of purifying. The consuming fire is just the original, the active form of Purity, — that which makes pure, that which is indeed Love, the creative energy of God.

The man whose deeds are evil, fears the burning. But the burning will not come the less that he fears it or denies it. Escape is hopeless. For Love is inexorable. Our God is a consuming fire. He shall not come out till he has paid the uttermost farthing.

If the man resists the burning of God, the consuming fire of Love, a terrible doom awaits him, and its day will come. He shall be cast into the

outer darkness who hates the fire of God. What sick dismay shall then seize upon him! Then, if the moan of suffering humanity ever reaches the ear of the outcast of darkness, he will be ready to rush into the very heart of the Consuming Fire to know life once more, to change the terror of sick negation, of unspeakable death, for that region of painful hope.

The outer darkness is but the most dreadful form of the consuming fire — the fire without light — the darkness visible, the black flame. God hath withdrawn himself, but not lost his hold. His face is turned away, but his hand is laid upon him still. His heart has ceased to beat into the man's heart, but he keeps him alive by his fire. And that fire will go searching and burning on in him, as in the highest saint who is not yet pure as He is pure.

But at length, O God, wilt thou not cast Death and Hell into the lake of Fire — even into thine own consuming self? Death shall then die everlastingly,

"And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."

Then indeed wilt thou be all in all. For then our poor brothers and sisters, every one — O God, we

trust in thee, the Consuming Fire — shall have been burnt clean and brought home.

As for us, now will we come to thee, our Consuming Fire. And thou wilt not burn us more than we can bear. But thou wilt burn us. And although thou seem to slay us, yet will we trust in thee even for that which thou hast not spoken, if by any means we may attain unto the blessedness of those who have not seen and yet have believed.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

TAKE me, O Infinite Cause, and cleanse me of wrong!
Take me, raise me to higher life through centuries long!
Cleanse me, by pain, if need be, through æons of days!
Take me and purge me, still will I answer with praise —
There is no Death forever!

EDWIN MORRIS.

NOT with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

Still thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!

Therefore well may nature keep
Equal faith with all who sleep,
Set her watch of hills around
Christian grave and heathen mound,
And to cairn and kirkyard send
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam!
On the Indian's grassy tomb
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!
Deep below, as high above,
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AND now, as I behold what is the actual sorrow of some, and the possible sorrow of all, in my sense of this sacred hour, and the solemn light that streams from our religion, I bid you hope. Put the light in your windows for the wanderer's return. Keep the old home-love just the same. They will come back. They will be yours again. From the

distant fields of sin they will come. From unmarked graves they will rise, and your sore heart will lift itself in a psalm of unspeakable joy. The whole creation shall yet put on its new manhood, and walk in glory in the Father's house.

AMOS CRUM.

THY erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHEN he came to himself he said, I will arise and go to my Father. LUKE xv. 17, 18.

THE Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. — PSALM cxxxviii. 8.

PURE love is the only eternal fire. — MADAME GUYON.

THE FATHER'S WILL.

THE FATHER'S WILL.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.— ROMANS xii. 1, 2.

That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God. — COL. iv. 12.

NOT *as I will, but as Thou wilt.* We may repeat these words upon occasions, in hours of bereavement. But do they suggest anything more to our minds than a silent submission to the inevitable? They have a far, far deeper meaning.

To accept them as expressing the supreme abiding law of life, from a heart overflowing with their full significance, is the greatest act of which the soul of man is capable.

It is not the annihilation of the human will, it is not the mere passive submission of it to a higher

Power. It is the realization of a transcendent mystery of our being: the exaltation of the human will to an identity with the Supreme Will.

To realize this mystery in one's self, to be conscious that one's own will is identically the Divine Will is to be made conscious of the imperishable Life and Love and Power of the Supreme Nature, and consequently, of a profound sense of being in harmony with the whole world of things, of a Peace, the Peace of God, down deep in the heart, that nothing can reach to destroy.

Would that we all might know this great truth from our own experience! I trust in God that we all shall know it, if not now and here, yet hereafter.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

ASK for no wings to fly from any duties or cares God has assigned you. Attack them in the front with zeal and patience, with courage and faith, and make them allies. Do not think it necessary to leave your post, because it is monotonous, or lonely, or without opportunities. Employ your ingenuity in varying its monotony, in breaking up its unsatisfactoriness. Rejoice in the demands made upon your gifts and talents. Anything but longing for dove's wings will do. The

rest the heart and soul want is in God, — full faith in the Father, the Friend, the Inspirer, and the Author of our nature and our lot. And no dove can carry us nearer to Him than we already are, when we humbly, submissively, and patiently do His will. Nay, let rather His dove come to us, — that Holy Spirit which is God's love and truth and will, welcomed and found and felt in our docile trusting hearts, — and then that rest which visits the soul that is earnest in the Father's business will establish itself here and now, even in the midst of the most trying and painful circumstances; and we shall want no wings to carry us away, for the dove's wings will be folded in a nest which God makes full of peace and quietness for us, and for himself and his Son, in the bottom of every patient, faithful, and active Christian's heart!

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,

By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
Not as I will.

H. H.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover, and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.
I will trust in Him,
That he can hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work he sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE folded hands seem idle:
If folded at His word,
'T is a holy service, trust me,
In obedience to the Lord.

ANNA SHIPTON.

IF, for the days to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Character's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FOREVER the atom sings its tiny song in the ear of God, — a song of perfect, infinite content; for it knows that it and its Maker are alike perfect. To all eternity, it fulfils His will with absolutely unquestioning obedience. Now floating in the sunlight, now imprisoned in the petal of a flower, now hidden for seeming eternal ages in the darkness of the mine, or entombed in the awful splendor of the central fires; now throbbing with the sun's inconceivable heat, now chilled by the bitter cold of interstellar space, — always and everywhere, with equal and unchanged joy, it fills its tiny but essential place in the unfathomable creation of God. It cannot "serve Him much," but it can serve Him forever, and can "please Him perfectly."

"Wouldst thou the highest life know, the atom can whisper its secret·
What that is without will, that be thou, man, with a will."

SAMUEL R. CALTHROP.

THE great secret of spiritual perfection is expressed in the words of Saint Ignatius Loyola, "Hoc vult Deus." God wishes me to stand at this post, to fulfil this duty, to suffer this disease, to be afflicted with this calamity, this contempt, this vexation. God wishes this, — whatever the world and self may dictate, "Hoc vult Deus." — His will is my law. KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

BETTER than *resignation*, more Christ-like is it to have our wills lifted up into *oneness* with the Father's, — to *believe* that his will contains more of blessedness for us than we can ever ask. "Lead Thou me on!"

DANIEL W. MOREHOUSE

THE thought on which I delight to dwell, as I advance in life, is that God is within me, always present to my soul, to teach, to rebuke, to aid, to bless, — that he truly desires my salvation from all inward evils, — that he is ever ready to give his spirit, that there is no part of my lot which may not carry me forward to perfection, and that outward things are of little or no moment, provided this great work of God goes on within. The body

and the world vanish more and more, and the soul, the immortal principle, made to bear God's image, to partake of His truth, goodness, purity, and happiness, comes out to my consciousness more and more distinctly; and in feeling God's intimate presence with this, to enlighten, quicken, and save, I find strength and hope and peace.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

I REMEMBERED some sentences of Ruskin's that had been curiously beautiful to me, just from the fact they told; and now the fact interpreted itself. He explains to us how one of the ideas of architecture grew, from observing the outline left, when the rose, or the trefoil, or whatever was first traced for carving, had been cut and taken away. That which was left was as beautiful as the central design. So God shapes the flower of beauty in us, and seems perhaps only to reveal its glory by a taking away. But he sees how fair in the life stands the outline that is left; how the tender curves bend and cling about an emptiness, and declare in themselves a wonderful, essential grace. He makes that which remains by the same stroke which separates and removes; and so he chisels and thins and glorifies us, until in the im-

mortal aspects in which we shall stand before him, only so much of the mere form of being shall remain as shall make it possible for us to hold these thoughts of his with which he has been, by depriving, filling us.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THOUGH dark my path and sad my lot
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WE tell Thee of our care,
Of the sore burden, pressing day by day,
And in the light and pity of Thy face,
The burden melts away.

We breathe our secret wish,
The importunate longing which no man may see;
We ask it humbly, or, more restful still,
We leave it all to Thee.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

MY Father, as Thou wilt:
Oh, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hands of love
I would my all resign.

Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
Father, Thy will be done.

My Father, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure;
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
Father, Thy will be done.

My Father, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
Father, Thy will be done.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
TR., JANE BORTHWICK.

Lo, I am come to do Thy will, O God. — HEB. x. 7.

I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. — JOHN xiv. 31.

ASPIRATION.

ASPIRATION.

As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us. — JESUS.

AS we are religious, we are in a state of aspiration and unsatisfied desire. We lie open to the infinite universe, and keep the vigils of the exposed and trustful. JAMES MARTINEAU.

MAN'S Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHEN your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open, you discover, with amazement enough, that it is "here or nowhere." The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor,

miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE problem of contentment, then, is this, — to be contented with our present condition, whatever it may be, and yet endeavor to improve it and make it better: in short, not to lay much stress, one way or the other, on our outward position, but to have the fountain of contentment within, in a full and active soul.

Such contentment is not sluggishness. A man may be contented where he is, because he is conscious he is full of life, and must make progress.

True contentment is noble. It is the perfect poise of a well-balanced mind; of one who can wait when patience is necessary and work when work is timely, not daunted by failure, not elated by success.

The root of discontent is self-love; the root of true content is work done in love for true ends. True contentment is paired with a true discontent, and the one and the other lead us to the mercy-seat of God, and fill us more and more with the spirit of prayer.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

WHAT I aspire to be, and am not, comforts me. ROBERT BROWNING.

THE door to any outward heaven lies through an inward heaven. If we do not first enter "the kingdom of heaven which is within us," we shall not enter any heaven above us or outside of us. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world am I, —
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me, —
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight, —

That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance, —
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine, —
That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright, —
O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook, —
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I 've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good-by, kind friends, every one,
I 've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey 's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!

Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou 'dst been,
Oh, give, to strengthen me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A PRAYER.

GIRD me with the strength of thy steadfast hills!
The speed of thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for thee.
Let me be thy voice, or thy silent power, —
As the cataract or the peak, —
An eternal thought, in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose tints of thy skies
Upon morning summits laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through thy shuttle of light and shade;
Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome thy twilight and thy night
And wait for thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain!
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain!

Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe thy breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me!
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
In the life that I share with Thee!

LUCY LARCOM.

GRANT, O my God, that neither joy nor sorrow shall visit my heart in vain! Make me wise and strong to the performance of immediate duties, and ripen me by what means Thou seest best for the performance of those that lie beyond.

MARGARET FULLER.

NEEDED BLESSINGS.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for Thine aid to walk therein aright;
That Thou, O Lord, through all its devious way
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day, —
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply;
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on Thee we call;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

A REVERIE IN SICKNESS.

I FANCY I hear a whisper,
As of leaves in a gentle air;
Is it wrong, I wonder, to fancy
It may be the tree up there? —
The tree that heals the nations,
Growing amidst the street,
And dropping for who will gather
Its healing at their feet.

I fancy I hear a rushing
As of waters down a slope;
Is it wrong, I wonder, to fancy
It may be the river of hope? —
The river of crystal waters,
That flows from the very throne,
And runs through the street of the city,
With a softly jubilant tone.

I fancy a twilight round me,
And a wandering of the breeze,
With a hush in that high city,
And a going in the trees.

But I know there will be no night there,
No coming and going day,
For the holy face of the Father
Will be perfect light alway.

I could do without the darkness,
And better without the sun;
But oh! I should like a twilight,
After the day was done! —
Would He lay His hand on His forehead,
On His hair as white as wool,
And shine one hour through His fingers,
Till the shadow had made me cool.

But the thought is very foolish;
If that face I did but see,
All else would be forgotten, —
River and twilight and tree;
I should seek, I should care, for nothing,
Beholding His countenance;
And fear only to lose one glimmer
By one single sideway glance.

'T is again but a foolish fancy,
To picture the countenance so,
Which is shining in all our spirits,
Making them white as snow.
Come to me, shine in me, Father,
And I care not for river or tree,
Care for no sorrow or sighing,
If only Thou shine in me.

I would lie on my bed for ages,
Looking out on the dusty street,
Where whisper, nor leaves, nor waters,
Nor anything cool and sweet, —
At my heart this ghastly fainting,
And this burning in my blood, —
If only I knew Thou wast with me,
Wast with me — making me good.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

AS some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me! There have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare:
Abide in me, and they shall ever be!
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer:
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THOU Life within my life, than self more near!
Thou veiled Presence infinitely dear!
From all my nameless weariness I flee
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self, that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How can I call Thee who art always here,
How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear,
What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given,
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God,
And find Thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

Each blessing would I trace to Thee,
In every grief Thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of Thine encircling love.

And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength that Thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

WILLIAM GASKELL.

IN Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies:
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;

My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows;
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

WE kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others — that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

AGAINST THE SKY.

AGAINST the sky the elm has laid
Her graceful branches unafraid.
Against the sky the maples rest,
And hold their red buds to be blessed.

Against the sky! That is the test.
Hold up thy soul and stand confessed
Against the sky! And all of earth
Will show at once its lowly birth.

Against the sky! And what is fair
Will join eternal beauty there.
Have fellowship with Heaven, and try
To judge thy life against the sky.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE BLESSED LIFE.

O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the best.

O blessed life! the mind that sees —
Whatever change the years may bring —
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense, — beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul,
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

THAT ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God.
EPHESIANS iii. 19.

THE PERFECT TRUST.

THE PERFECT TRUST.

THE eternal God is thy dwelling place,
And underneath are the everlasting arms.

DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

REST in the Lord; wait patiently on him;
And he shall give thee thy heart's desire.

PSALM xxxvii.

THOU knowest that I am not blest
As thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

ONLY as we trust, do we indeed live, coming to be content, though we cannot fill the yawning abysses or fathom the fathomless will, in the conviction that God is over all, and over all for good. Let us not forget that where man fails, there God begins, and that He, notwithstanding human failure, is able with unutterable peace and blessing to bless those who put their trust in Him.

JOHN F. W. WARE.

WHEN, hope as you will, you can trust everything to the Eternal, then does the peace that passes understanding overflow your heart with its ineffable serenity. And can you not trust everything to him when you consider all the ordered beauty and beneficence of his manifest life? Hope then, dear friends, as grandly as you will, but still more grandly trust. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

WE wrong the deepest revelations of life, when we are not content to let this one little segment in the arc of our existence stand in its own simple, separate intention, whether it be gladness or gloom; and trust surely that the full and perfect intention must come out in the full range of our being. ROBERT COLLYER.

SAY what we will, there is nothing stronger or deeper in men than confidence in God, — a solemn trust that He will do us good.

THEODORE PARKER.

THERE is a sublime trust implied in calm and conquering cheerfulness. The soul seems to have such an understanding with the universe; such a childlike confidence that its Father will do all things well. That a being so frail as man, with

such a destiny at stake, in a condition so grand, walking amid forces whose rage he is impotent to control — that such a one can be cheerful and happy shows an inborn conviction that God holds them all in the hollow of His hand. How sublime is such a trust!

NAHOR AUGUSTUS STAPLES.

WE never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; and those three words, "God is Love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.

MISS MULOCH.

AMONG the children of God, while there is always that fearful and bowed apprehension of His majesty, and that sacred dread of all offence to Him, which is called the fear of God, yet of real and essential fear there is not any, but clinging of confidence to Him as their Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer, and perfect love, and casting out of fear; so that it is not possible that while the mind is rightly bent on Him there should be any dread of anything either earthly or supernatural; and the more dreadful seems the height of His majesty, the less fear they feel that dwell in the shadow of it.

JOHN RUSKIN.

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, — one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
— The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of His perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonor of His holy name.
Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world!
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SECOND voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighborhood,
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:
"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers:
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along:
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask how *she* viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality —
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

"There is no effort on *my* brow —
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once — but where?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'T was when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SO sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;

The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer:
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FAITH must reconcile me, and you, and all men, to that progress of events which is the constant, and often the unwelcome, evolution of the Divine will; faith in God as absolute goodness as well as supreme power; faith in a love too tender to be tyrannical, and too wise to be indulgent; faith in God as a Father, and as my Father, — not mine more than others', but theirs and mine, beyond denial, doubt, or a whisper of unbelief. Give me this faith, establish it in my understanding, plant it in my heart, and I shall neither tremble nor complain; but will open my arms to embrace and take to my bosom all life's experience, changeful and strange and sad and irreconcilable with my notions of wisdom and goodness though it

seem to be. Let such a faith come, whence it may, — from the depths of my own nature demanding and therefore finding it, or from the high heavens disclosing it in compassion for my want, — let such a faith come into my weary soul, and I will sink into a rest sweeter, a thousand times sweeter, than the repose of a tired child in its mother's arms. Open upon my spiritual sense, O thou vision of an infinite love, and inspire this faith in Him whom I call God, but who has a dearer name for them to use who know Him as He may be known!

EZRA STILES GANNETT.

LET us trustingly leave these matters, where, indeed, whether trustingly or not, we must leave them, — with the infinite Love which embraces all our loves, and the infinite Wisdom which comprehends all our needs; assured that the Father of the house whose mansions are many, and the Father of spirits whose goal is one, will find the right place and connections and nurture for every soul He has caused to be; that in the eternities the thing desired will arrive at last; that seeking and finding are divinely evened. Let us rest in the thought that life must be richer than all our experiences, — nay, than our fondest dreams.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

Behold, I make all things new!

SO speaks to thee, O heart,
As the swift years depart
The re-creating Voice.
Turn not in vain regret
To thy fond yesterdays,
But rather forward set
Thy face toward the untrodden ways.
Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee, —
New love, new thought, new service too
For Him who daily maketh thy life new.
Nor think that aught is lost
Or left behind upon the silent coast
Of thy spent years;
Give o'er thy faithless fears.
Whate'er of real good —
Of thought, or deed, or holier mood —
Thy life hath known
Abideth still thine own,
And hath within significance
Of more than Time's inheritance.
Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be.
In the future thou shalt find
How far the Fact hath left behind
Thy fondest Dream; how deeper than all sense
Or thought of thine, thy life's sure Providence!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

WE make mistakes, or what we call such. The nature that could fall into such mistake exactly needs, and in the goodness of the dear God is given, the living of it out. And beyond this, I believe more, — that in the pure and patient living of it out we come to find that we have fallen, not into hopeless confusion of our own wild, ignorant making; but that the finger of God has been at work among our lines, and that the emerging is into His blessed order; that He is forever making up for us our own undoings; that He makes them up beforehand; that He evermore restoreth our souls.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THIS sorrow, which has cut down to the root, has come, not as a spoiling of your life, but as a preparation for it.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WE will trust God. The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane 's complete.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THERE shall never be one lost good! what was,
shall live as before, —
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven
a perfect round. ROBERT BROWNING.

O HEART of Love!
Thou wilt not make of memory Hell in Heaven,
But grant a soul, for penitential pain,
A sweet forgetting of its stumbling steps
Through dangerous darkness to the upper light;
And on the brow Thou lovest Thou wilt write,
"Wear thou no scars, but be thou pure and white."

ADA C. BOWLES.

AND do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the Father's heart rich good invent?
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent
We know the primrose time will come again;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent;
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain;
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are His ways
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

GOD is ever present, ever felt,
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around:
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns:
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence! muse His praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE sense of the Universal is the sense of the Divine everywhere. We live by faith in the Divine thought and purpose. Earth and stars, sun, sky and air, plants and animals, the dust-atom and man, are all significant to us by God's working in them. The darker providence we rest in Him by faith. The thing of beauty we hail with joy. The life of virtue, tenderness, aspiration, so rich in thought, blessings, praise and prayer, we receive as the divine pledge to man. Life becomes more and more. Our relationships to atoms and stars, creatures and men, are sacred. Conscious duties are upon us. And more than those

duties are is God, in the divine moralities working the infinite work. In the faith in God, coming on the unseen courses of the Spirit, man in these scenes of outer nature, and in living and in dying, is comforted. God is better and greater than all earth's need, than all human longing, need and joy.

SILAS W. SUTTON.

INEFFABLE is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments! It is the doubling of the heart itself, — nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight, that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time, the solution of his riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. He believes that he cannot escape from his good. The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee. You are running to seek your friend. Let your feet run, but your mind need not. If you do not find him will you not acquiesce that it is best you should not find him? for there is a

Power which, as it is in you, is in him also, and could therefore very well bring you together. You are preparing to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going? O believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear! Every proverb, every book, every byword that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, surely shall come home through straight or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this because the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one Life rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IT came across me the other night, driving by moonlight through this grand and solemn Pass, that one might read those words, "Sorrow not even as others that have no hope," in an inverse sense to the generally received. "Sorrow not less, but

more! You who have hope need not fear to fathom the unfathomableness of your earthly loss. You who have hope need never seek to get rid of your sacred Sorrow. You may safely receive her, a life-long inmate of your inmost heart. There she will dwell, suffering nothing low or worldly to dwell with her. Sorrow greatly, abidingly, consciously, thankfully — you who have hope!"

THE STORY OF WILLIAM AND LUCY SMITH.

THE little basket, carried up among the hills, furnished beneath the hand of Christ an ample feast. And no less a marvel does God work with all the pure in heart who go up into the lonely place to meet him. Let them have but the poorest pilgrim's unleavened cake of sincerity and faith; and when they have spread their insufficiency before God, and broken it into its worthlessness for his blessing to enter, they shall return richer than they came and gather more than they had brought. The smallest spiritual store, taken into the most retired spot, has a self-multiplying power; and if only used with holy trust, will pass the dimensions of nature and betray the resources of the infinite.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

ONE may calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

FOR His children struggling faithfully with the burden of life, His heavenly pity is ever on the watch; nor does He leave them long in the languor of a weary mind, but comes Himself with the blessed inspiration that renews their strength as the eagle's. There is nothing true in earth or heaven if it be not a law of His that holy deed shall end in holy thought and holy love; and patient obedience down upon the dust mature the rapid wings by which to soar and gladly worship at heaven's gate. JAMES MARTINEAU.

WHEN a man comes to the knowledge that God is not far off, but nearer to his soul than he can be to the material world; . . . when still further, feeling that God by His indwelling Spirit is the substance and support of his dearest life, the man sees the whole world illuminated, so that the Eternal shines everywhere through the temporal, and nature is only the vesture or lan-

guage of Spirit, and nothing is so certain as God's thought and providence in all things; — and when such sense of the Infinite and such vision prompt and nourish humility and prayerfulness in the heart; — then life becomes a sacrifice of thanksgiving, and a peace which death does not threaten and which sorrow cannot break broods in the sanctuary of the soul.

THOMAS STARR KING.

O GOD, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessed rest art Thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.
All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way;
We seek Thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of Thy love;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above!
Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eye may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow.
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase, —
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

O LOVE Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast.

As tired of sin as any child
Was ever tired of play,
When evening's hush has folded in
The noises of the day;

When, just for very weariness,
The little one will creep
Into the arms that have no joy
Like holding him in sleep;

And looking upward to Thy face,
So gentle, sweet, and strong
In all its looks for those who love,
So pitiful of wrong,

I pray Thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need
And all my need of Thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
  Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love,
  Since Thou dost seek alway?

And dost not even wait until
  I urge my steps to Thee;
But in the darkness of my life
  Art coming still to me,

And still Thy love will beckon me,
  And still Thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
  And bring me to my home.

I pray not, then, because I would;
  I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
  But thankfulness and trust.

And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
  And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
  That only seem to pray;

And still, for all my sighs, my heart
  Has sung itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
  Upon Thy tender breast.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

WIEGENLIED.

BE still and sleep, my soul!
Now gentle-footed Night
In softly shadowed stole
Holds all the day from sight.

Why shouldst thou lie and stare
Against the dark, and toss,
And live again thy care,
Thine agony and loss?

'T was given thee to live,
And thou hast lived it all;
Let that suffice, nor give
One thought what may befall.

Thou hast no need to wake,
Thou art no sentinel;
Love all the care will take,
And Wisdom watcheth well.

Weep not, think not, but rest!
The stars in silence roll;
On the world's mother-breast,
Be still and sleep, my soul!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

FOR His great love has compassed
Our nature and our need;
We know not; but He knoweth,
And He will bless indeed.

Therefore, O Heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me;
And take the wants unanswered
As offerings made to Thee.

ANON.

HE LEADETH ME.

IN pastures green? Not always; sometimes He,
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright; —
Out of the sunshine into darkest night:
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this — I know He holds my hand;
So, whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats highest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul: "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie — what matter? He is there.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

HENRY H. BARRY.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

DEAR Lord, I bring to Thee
This life that from Thine own its being drew;
All I have been, all aspirations new,
All I may ever be.

I lay at Thy dear feet
My past, with all its hopes and cares and needs,
Its purposes, that failed like broken reeds,
Its record incomplete.

This tangled web of mine
Wherein I find so little good or fair,
May yet, if trusted to Thy love and care,
Take on a light divine.

The weary sense of wrong,
Which through the long, long night maintained its sway,
Has vanished in the light of breaking day,
And left instead a song.

And "through the glass" I see
That even my mistakes, my faults and sins,
Have taught me how Thy comforting begins
And shown the way to Thee.

My future, Lord, I bring;
May it be purified by Thy dear love,
Although the sacred baptism from above
Be one of suffering.

What harm can ever come
To us, who know Thy love can have no end?
Thou leadest us, an ever-present Friend,
Unto the light of Home.

How all these wrongs we see
Can lead to right, I do not understand;
But, e'er the daylight breaks, I clasp Thy hand
And trust myself to Thee.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

God

Be praised for anguish, which has tried
For beauty, which has satisfied: —

For this world's presence, half within
And half without me — thought and scene —
This sense of Being and Having been.

I thank Thee that my soul hath room
For Thy grand world. Both guests may come —
Beauty to soul — Body to tomb.

I am content to be so weak.
Put strength into the words I speak,
And I am strong in what I seek.

I am content to be so bare
Before the archers, everywhere
My wounds being stroked by heavenly air.

I laid my soul before Thy feet,
That Images of fair and sweet
Should walk to other men on it.

I am content to feel the step
Of each pure Image! — let those keep
To mandragore, who care to sleep.

I am content to touch the brink
Of the other goblet, and I think
My bitter drink a wholesome drink.

Because my portion was assigned
Wholesome and bitter — Thou art kind,
And I am blessed to my mind.

Gifted for giving, I receive
The maythorn, and its scent outgive.
I grieve not that I once did grieve.

In my large joy of sight and touch
Beyond what others count for such,
I am content to suffer much.

I know — is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And Life is perfected by Death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

GOD ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all a-leap!

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;
"God's peace is everlasting"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

The people of tired cities
  Come up to their shrines and pray ·
God freshens again within them,
  As He passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
  The beauty deeper than all,
This faith, — that life's hard moments,
  When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains;
  And the mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness
  And His peace everlasting to me.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

HOW beautiful it is to be alive!
  To wake each morn, as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
  That we might sing, "How happy is our case!
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Lo! all around us His bright servants stand:
  And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
  Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hands!

And ever towards man's height of nobleness
  They strive some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and having died, feel none the less
  How beautiful it is to be alive!

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

MY PSALM.

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track; —
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back; —

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good; —

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight; —

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair; —

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AS the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BE like the bird that, halting in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

VICTOR HUGO.

SUFFERING loses its smart before genuine trust. Trust proves its strength in suffering. True trust is struck by suffering as the great tree of the forest by the storm, to be tossed, torn, and settled deeper in everlasting strength. The suffering is for a little while, while the trust is transformed into eternal joy.

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.

MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

LIKE patient saint of olden time,
With lovely face almost divine,
So good, so beautiful and fair,
Her very attitude a prayer ; —
I heard her sing, so low and sweet,
" His loving-kindness — oh, how great ! "
Turning, beheld the sacred face,
So full of trust and patient grace.

" He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, — oh, how free ! "
Sweetly thus did run the song,
" His loving-kindness," all day long.
Trusting, praising, day by day,
She sang the sweetest roundelay :
" He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness — oh, how good ! "

" He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness — oh, how strong ! "
So strong to lead her on the way
To that eternal better day,
Where, safe at last in that blest home, —
All care and weariness are gone, —
She sings with rapture and surprise
" His loving-kindness " in the skies.

ANON.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free,
My Father has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts:
All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime,
And in the night His song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.
O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me,—
Unto God, my exceeding joy.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

THE PSALMS.

O FATHER, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

JANE FOX CREWDSON.

JUST as I am, — without one plea
Save that Thy love is seeking me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, —
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am, — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose love can cleanse each spot,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am, — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without, —
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am, — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O loving God! I come.

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

THE "uncovenanted mercies of God," — we desire no less; we hope for no better. Those are the mercies beyond our height, beyond our depth, beyond our reach. We know in whom we have believed, and we look for that which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Shall God's thought be surpassed by man's

thoughts? God's giving by man's asking? God's creation by man's imagination? No. Let us climb to the height of our Alpine desires; let us leave them behind us and ascend the spear-pointed Himalayas of our aspirations; still shall we find the depth of God's sapphire above us; still shall we find the heavens higher than the earth, and His thoughts and His ways higher than our thoughts and our ways.

Ah, Lord! be Thou in all our being; as not in the Sundays of our time alone, so not in the chambers of our hearts alone. We dare not think that Thou canst not, carest not; that some things are not for Thy beholding, some questions not to be asked of Thee. For are we not all Thine — utterly Thine? That which a man speaks not to his fellow, we speak to Thee. Our very passions we hold up to Thee, and say, "Behold, Lord! Think about us." We would not escape from our history by fleeing into the wilderness, by hiding our heads in the sands of forgetfulness, or the repentance that comes of pain, or the lethargy of hopelessness. We take it, as our very life, in our hand, and flee with it unto Thee. Triumphant is the answer which thou holdest for every doubt. It may be we could not understand it yet, even if Thou didst speak it "with most miraculous organ."

But Thou shalt at least find faith in the earth, O Lord, if Thou comest to look for it now, — the faith of ignorant but hoping children, who know that they do not know, and believe that Thou knowest.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

WHAT a beautiful picture! (Psalm xxiii.) Its author felt that he, at least, had found in all the confusion of the world some one to guard and guide him. Henceforth there are to be for him no haunting, unsatisfied longings: "I shall not want." "For His name's sake," — because of what He is in Himself, His own goodness, — He guides me ever in right paths. Though my way be through darkest shadows, I will have no fear; He knows, leads, and comforts me. However numerous my enemies, however helpless I seem in their presence, whatever adverse circumstances close me round, He spreads my table of supply even in their very presence. My head is anointed as one prepared for a festival. My cup of gratitude runneth over. The future has no fears for me; for only goodness and mercy will follow me — attendants about my pathway — all the days of my life. And as a guest, I will dwell in the house of this mighty Helper and Friend forever. And all the way through is a lingering, haunting suggestion of

plenty and peace and perfect rest. We see the background of "green pastures," while the floating cloud of the calm sky by day, and the quiet stars by night, are reflected in the "still waters;" — or as the margin has it, the "waters of rest."

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

WAIT ON THE LORD.

Wait on the Lord! Be of good courage and He shall strengthen thy heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord. PSALM xxvii. 14.

UPON the Psalmist's word
A Rabbin's voice is heard
Commenting, saying
To souls praying,
"*Ora*
Et iterum ora;
Veniet hora
Qua tibi dabitur."

I hear a Master's speech
The same faith teach —
A Master dear to heart,
Standing far apart,
So great, so high above,
And yet with lowly men
Living, in toil and pain,
In meekness and in love.

He saith, "Ask, it shall be given;
Seek, ye shall find in heaven;
Knock, it shall opened be."
But not so sweet to know
The Master's lips have spoken thus or so
As my soul leaps to see
He speaketh like to all the holy men:
And softly comes again,
Like an echo in my ear,
The song of Hebrew seer,
"*Ora*
Et iterum ora;
Veniet hora
Qua tibi dabitur."

O when the soul is faint,
When visions die,
When life is wrecked upon complaint,
And scattered lie
Hope's arrows — years long,
With purpose strong,
Kept bound within one sheaf —
When pain and loss and grief
Prey on us,
When thought and doubt and love
Weigh on us,
Then hear all sounds above,
"*Ora,*
Et iterum ora;
Veniet hora
Qua tibi dabitur."

JAMES VILA BLAKE.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Doth faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock.
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries "It shall be done! — sometime, somewhere."

ROBERT BROWNING.

IF human minds look out into the darkness
And gather rays of truth, 't is His sight sees;
If human hearts do love, 't is His love loves;
'T is His joy joys, when joyful hearts rejoice;
He is eye's eye, heart's heart and being's being.

It cannot be but grief and pain will come:
We know not how to strive and never fail;
We know not how to have and not to lose;
There is no way to love and not to fear;
There is no way to love and not to feel
The pangs of parting when seas roll between,
Or when in vain we seek a faithless love,
Or when — less loss — the sky-pits yawn, and friends
Fall out of sight into their blue abyss.
Then the One Lord takes up our weary woes
As he takes up the isles, or steers a star.
So wonderful his laws that he hath ways
To cope with our great pain.

God hath two temples —
The infinite of starry heavens, one,
Where shining ranks of servants throng and move
In unimaginable multitudes
At His command: the lowly soul
The other, where He hath made His mercy-seat.
One Life and Love He is through all that vast,
From star to heart. Swifter than light
Or thought He comes from some great sun convulsed,
To hold a heart that it break not too far.

He weighs it in His hand against a world;
It is as heavy to the Lord as all
His suns if it the more hath need of healing.
Praise! Praise! Thanksgiving! Praise! Amen!

JAMES VILA BLAKE.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

ART Thou the Life?
To Thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,
And wait Thy ordering of my hour of death
In peace or strife.

Art Thou the Light?
To Thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,
Or in my chamber lone or in the crowd,
I lift my sight.

Art Thou the Truth?
To Thee, then, loved and craved and sought of yore,
I consecrate my manhood, o'er and o'er,
As erst my youth.

Art Thou the Strong?
To Thee, then, though the air be thick with night,
I trust the seeming unprotected Right,
And leave the Wrong.

Art Thou the Wise?
To Thee, then, would I bring each useless care,
And bid my soul unsay her *idle* prayer,
And hush her cries.

Art Thou the Good?
To Thee, then, with a thirsting heart I turn,
And at Thy fountain stand and hold my urn,
As aye I stood.

Forgive the call!
I cannot shut Thee from my sense or soul,
I cannot lose me in the boundless whole,
For Thou art All.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

THERE 'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There 's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

GOD'S greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

I REPORT, as a man may of God's work — all 's love, yet all 's law!
Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each faculty tasked
To perceive him, has gained an abyss, when a dew-drop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite care!
Do I task any faculty highest to image success?
I but open my eyes, — and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's All-Complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHEN ye glorify the Lord, exalt Him as much as ye can; for even yet He will far exceed: and when ye exalt Him, put forth all your strength and be not weary, for ye can never go far enough: there are yet greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of His works.

All the works of the Lord are good, so that a man cannot say, This is worse than that; for in time they shall all be well approved.

Therefore praise ye the Lord with the whole heart. Bless the name of the Lord.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

WHEN ye pray, say, Father. JESUS.

Blessed be God, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. — 2 COR. i. 3, 4.

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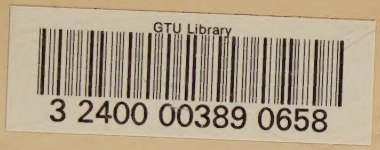

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